THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. XC, No. 5 | New York, July 31, 1926 | Whole Number 1893

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

International Newsreel photograph

FRANCE'S WOUNDED VETERANS PARADING IN PROTEST AGAINST THE FRENCH-AMERICAN DEBT SETTLEMENT

At the head of the procession of 20,000 "mutiles" came the lame in their chairs, the blind led by nurses and relatives, and then veterans with faces crusht or scarred in the Great War. They were followed by deputations of ex-service men's associations carrying tricolor flags. A wreath and a tablet bearing their sentiments were laid at the foot of the statue of Washington. It was the biggest demonstration held in Paris since the end of the war.

"UNCLE SHYLOCK'S" REPLY TO HIS CRITICS

EVIDENCES MULTIPLY OF A GROWING, or at least increasingly outspoken, hostility toward the United States in France and Great Britain. The demonstration in Paris of 20,000 French war veterans and mutilated ex-soldiers against the terms of the Mellon-Bérenger debt-funding agreement was followed in the British House of Commons, and in a section of the British press, by a sharp flare-up of criticism of the attitude of the United States Government toward the interallied war debts in general. The occasion of the outbreak in the British Parliament was the debate on the Anglo-French debt accord. But members digressed from the subject to characterize the United States as the world's Shylock, and to revive the subject of the cancelation of interallied war debts or the drastic modification of the refunding terms exacted by the United States. "Not only in the Old World but in the New, time will be on the side of easier and wiser solutions," declared Mr. Winston Churchill, British Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Americans have one question to ask themselves, and that is whether they entered the war with the common aims of the Allies and with the same interest in saving democracy," said Com. Hilton Young, former financial secretary of the British Treasury; and he added: "If so, they will change their debt policy. If they did not, then they entered for mercenary motives and sold their services to the Allies." Mr. Young announced it to be his personal belief, however, that only "a small minority" of Americans "makes commercialism its god." But this minority, he fears, has already caused "a little rift in Anglo-American relations." Philip Snowden, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Cabinet, contributed the following impressive statement: "In fifty years America will be drawing annually from Europe $400,000,000, or more than a day's work of 320,000,000 persons. This will be more than the total of all German reparations, and America's Allies will not be receiving a penny. This is a condition that can not continue, and it is not good for America that it should."

The British press campaign against America's attitude toward the war debt problem was launched by Lord Rothermere's group of newspapers, which includes the London *Daily Mail* and *Daily Mirror*. *The Daily Mail* flooded London with handbills bearing in huge red-inked type the single word "USury," with the first two letters, U S, capitalized, so that there would be no mistaking the meaning, and in an editorial under the same heading it says:

"The British nation has been turned into a debt collector to the United States in Europe; but, unlike most debt collectors, we get all the odium and none of the benefit. We pay out some £38,000,000 a year to the United States, and in the most favorable circumstances years hence we may receive £30,000,000 a year. The total amount of £80,000,000 a year will be drawn for the best part of two generations by the United States from European nations which sacrificed everything for the right."

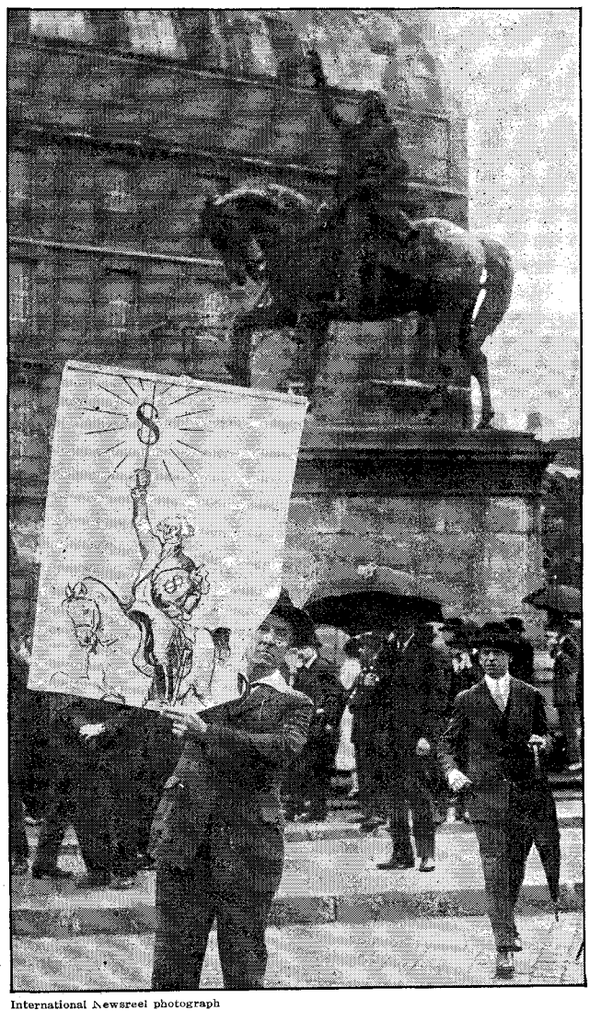
America's demands upon Europe, remarks the London *Daily Mirror*, "apparently give Uncle Shylock a sense of high moral superiority as well as an immensely inflated bank balance." And in the London *Daily News* we read:

"It may not make much difference to the slightly pharisaical composure of the United States Government, but it is just as well that Americans should understand how their action in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regard to the debts is regarded throughout Europe. It may have contributed to make them the richest people in the world; it has made them out of all comparison the most unpopular, and that among people with whom money is by no means the chief or only consideration."

It is important to note, however, that many responsible British papers deplore this anti-American attitude. Pointing out that Europe still needs America's cooperation, *The Westminster Gazette* remarks warningly: "Altho they may live in another continent, Americans have at least this in common with other English-speaking peoples—that they are slow to respond when approached with random denunciations and injurious epithets." And the Labor party's *Daily Herald* tells its readers, "it is well known that the Americans would have agreed to cancelation of the war debts if they had been convinced that the countries of Europe really meant to settle down and live in peace with one another."



International Newsreel photograph

"WASHINGTON, WE ARE HERE!"

That's the way the French veterans felt when they made their debt-settlement parade to the Washington statue in Paris, carrying ironic posters like the one held up in the foreground.

Turning to our own press, we find a frank but not too troubled recognition of the attitude of our European critics. "The United States has never been so unpopular in Europe as it is to-day, and the enmity grows in proportion as the troubles of Europe multiply," remarks the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. "We may belittle the demonstration of the French war veterans in Paris protesting against the American debt settlement, but we can not, without deceiving ourselves, deny that there was deep-seated feeling in it; that it very likely paints a truer picture of the feeling of the French people toward us than do the governmental statements on the subject," says the Houston *Chronicle*. "The United States, the most prosperous country in the world, has earned its prosperity at the expense of the friendship of many of the European nations," declares the Kingston *Standard*, and in the New York *World* we read: "Not only have the recent debt settlements tended to unite France and Great Britain against the United States, but from present indications Germany may soon join them in some sort of informal economic alliance against this country. Through short-sighted diplomacy at Washington, the entire onus of the Allied war debts and also of the Dawes plan is likely to be thrust upon the American Government."

The chief cause of America's present unpopularity in Europe many observers declare, has been lack of frankness with the public both on the part of our Government and that of France, in discussing the war debts. "Several correspondents intimate that such a demonstration as that of the disabled French war veterans could not have occurred if the people of France had not been kept in ignorance of the truth about this debt through the activities of their politicians and their newspapers," notes the New York *World*, which goes on to say: "This may or may not be true, but at any rate it raises the pertinent question whether a large proportion of our own people have not been misled by politicians and the press with regard to the real import of the agreements which their Government has negotiated with its foreign debtors." "We have forgiven much," adds *The World*, "but so blundering is our diplomacy that we are still regarded abroad as a Shylock."

For this reason the published letter of Secretary Mellon, pointing out the liberality of our debt-funding agreements, is widely welcomed as the first official effort on the part of our Government to correct this European impression of us. According to Mr. Mellon, the United States is France's most generous war-debt creditor. His letter is in reply to one from Frederick W. Peabody to President Coolidge, urging cancelation of the war debts. "The Secretary of the Treasury answers completely the charge that we have been harsh with our debtors," declares the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times;* and the New York *Herald Tribune* welcomes the letter as performing "a much-needed service." Mr. Mellon argues that, except in the case of Great Britain, we have virtually canceled our war-time loans to our war associates, and have reckoned in our agreements only their post-armistice borrowing. He also points out that the terms of our proposed agreement with France are lower for the first few years than those granted to France by Great Britain. Commenting on Secretary Mellon's statement that our Treasury's advances to France, after the armistice, with interest, amounted to the sum of $1,655,000,000, the Springfield *Republican* remarks:

"As the debt settlement with France provides for payments by France having a present-day value of $1,681,000,000, Mr. Mellon is perfectly correct in his statement that, 'in effect, America has canceled the obligations of France for all advances during the war.' The debt settlement can be stated in other ways, but 'in effect' this way of stating it is not unfair to France."

To quote Secretary Mellon's letter in part:

"Let us see what relation the burden of our debt settlements bears to our loans after the armistice. In this way we can determine accurately our real contribution in money to the joint cause of the war.

"In the case of England, post-armistice advances with interest amounted to $660,000,000, and the present value of the entire debt settlement is $3,297,000,000.

"It must be remembered that England borrowed a large proportion of its debt to us for purely commercial, as distinguished from war purposes—to meet its commercial obligations maturing in America, to furnish India with silver, to buy food to be resold to its civilian population, and to maintain exchange. Our loans to England were not so much to provide war supplies as to furnish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sterling for home and foreign needs and to save England from borrowing from its own people.

"France's after-the-war indebtedness with interest amounts to $1,655,000,000. The settlement negotiated by Ambassador Bérenger with the American Debt-Funding Commission has a present value of $1,681,000,000.

"Belgium's post-armistice borrowings with interest was $258,000,000, and the present value of the debt settlement is $192,000,000. In addition, Belgium has a share of the German reparations sufficient to pay her pre-armistice debt to America.

"With Italy the situation is similar. Its post-armistice indebtedness with interest is $800,000,000, and the present value of its debt settlement is $426,000,000. It is the same as regards Serbia.

"In view of these facts, in what respect do you still believe America has been unfair to its Allies?"

Comparing the Mellon-Bérenger and the Caillaux-Churchill debt agreements, Secretary Mellon says:

"The settlement of the French obligations to America has been made along somewhat different lines from the settlement of French obligations to Great Britain. With the British, banking advances and commercial obligations for war stocks have been treated separately from the war-debt proper. If, however, we compare the settlement of all of France's indebtedness to England with the settlement of her indebtedness to America, France has had generous treatment from us. Particularly is this true during the first five years, which will be most difficult for France."

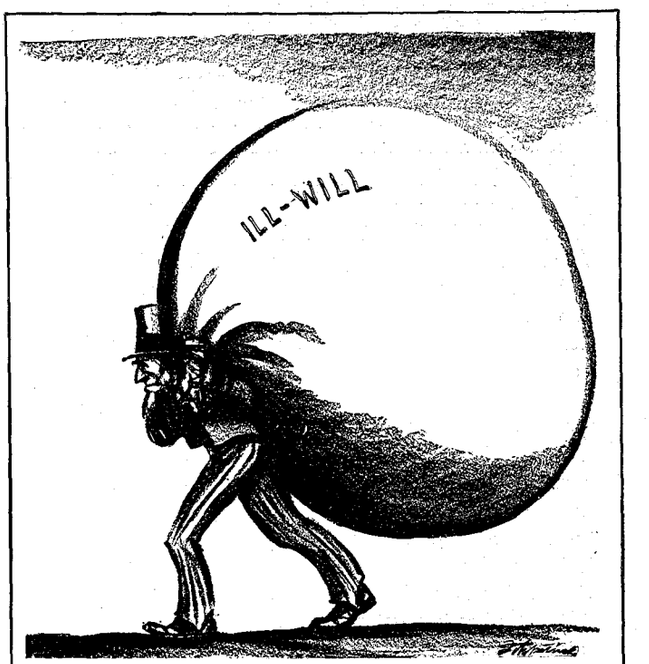
Some of the statements of our Secretary of the Treasury are challenged by Great Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who denies flatly that "England borrowed a large portion of her debt for purely commercial, as distinguished from war purposes." In Washington Acting Secretary Winston counters with the Treasury records of Britain's war-fund expenditures in the United States, showing that billions of dollars went for "cereals and other foods, exchange and cotton purchases," and other things besides actual munitions of war. But, says the New York *World:*

"It is true that all the money was not used to buy rifles and airplanes. A good deal of it was spent to buy food for soldiers and civilians, to buy cotton, to peg exchanges. But who in 1917 ever doubted for an instant that food for the civilians or maintenance of the financial structure was not essential to the prosecution of the war? Nobody doubted it. In a war, not between professional armies, but between nations, all the factors needed to sustain life and keep the essential industrial operations going were treated as necessary to the war. If they had not been regarded as essential to the war the American Treasury could not have authorized the loans, and the Purchasing Commission, the War Industries Board, the Food and Fuel Administrations and the War Trade Board, which controlled Allied purchases in the United States, would not have allowed the purchases to be made."

Tho the great majority of our papers seem to agree with Secretary Mellon that we have been both fair and generous in dealing with our war debtors, here and there an American paper raises its voice for a further liberalization of the terms, or even complete cancelation of the debts. But Mr. Mellon's reply to the charge of Shylockism does not lack unqualified applause. "It is time that America's good-will and fairness to France were emphasized in some such striking fashion," remarks the Grand Rapids *Press.* "'Hard-hearted' America has been soft-hearted enough to cancel a big part of the debt, a much larger portion than the borrowers ever expected to have canceled when they promised to pay back what they borrowed," notes the Jersey City *Journal.* "There should be no confusion between works of mercy and loans," remarks the Schenectady *Union Star*, which reminds our European debtors that "the credit of the United States Government is pledged to millions of American people for the billions which the people entrusted to the Government in the various Liberty Loans." "Before France begins to call us pitiless, she ought to make a distinction between what we demand and what intelligent Americans expect to get," ironically remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun.* Secretary Mellon states our case so lucidly "that further misunderstanding should be impossible," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which summarized his arguments as follows:

"In the first place, the loans were not intended in any sense to be gifts. The Allies were aware of that when they borrowed the money, and every nation except Russia has recognized the debt and offered to pay. In the second place, if the Allies were 'fighting for us,' the pre-armistice loans are not now in question; these have been practically canceled, and the money now due us is for loans made after the armistice. In the third place, the claims of humanity have been fully considered by the wiping out of large amounts of principal and interest."

President Coolidge, the Washington correspondents assure us,



OUR COLLECTIONS FROM FRANCE

—Fitzpatrick in the New York *World.*

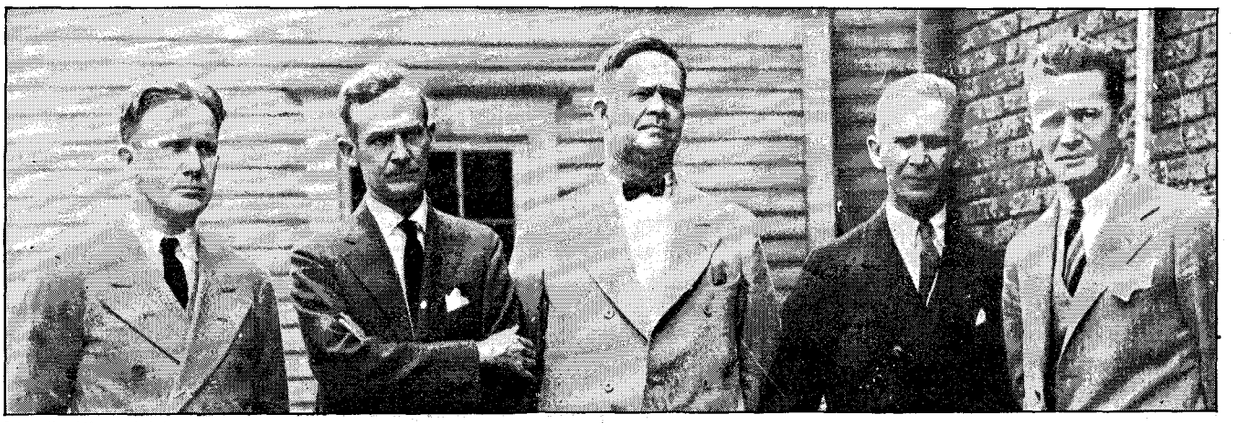
is entirely unshaken in his debt policy by the fall of French Governments, the perilous situation of the franc, and the growing propaganda for modification of the Mellon-Bérenger funding agreement. The Administration and the American Debt Commission agree that the matter is now in the hands of Congress, and any change must be made by that body. And in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, David Lawrence says:

"It is not forgotten here that the people of the United States have contributed very heavily by gifts and otherwise to the French people during and since the war. It is not forgotten also that large quantities of ammunition and military supplies were left behind by the American Expeditionary Forces, being sold at about one-fifth of their original purchase price and that France disposed of this material for a better price than was given the United States Government. And yet this $240,000,000 item owed by France to the United States as a part of the commercial debt was lumped by America with the other advances made since the war and an unprecedented low rate of interest charged.

"From now on there is an inclination here to grow a little more militant in bringing these facts to the attention of the world, even tho under other circumstances American officials might have felt that it was not to uncover skeletons in the closets of previous French Ministries. But the finger of accusation having been pointed at America as the hard-hearted creditor, the tendency now is to go back and tell the whole story in the interest of historical truth.

"It is a safe assumption that when the United States Senate reconvenes in December its members will make several speeches aimed directly at the French, so that they may know the facts."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



International Newsreel photograph

FIVE BROTHERS OF DON MELLETT VOWED TO VENGEANCE

Lloyd, at the reader's left, was associated with Don on the Canton *News*. He declares that the murder "was hired, planned and premeditated." The others, from left to right, are W. S. Mellett, Lowell Mellett, J. H. Mellett, and R. L. Mellett.

THE MELLETT MURDER

VENGEANCE FOR THE MURDER of Don R. Mellett, with a vow that the challenge from the underworld shall be met, and that the dead editor's work for law and order shall be carried on, is breathed not only by friends and associates and relatives in Canton, but also by newspaper editors in other Ohio cities. And, as one press writer puts it, there is not a small city in the United States to-day where decent citizens have not been set to thinking by the bullet that killed Mellett early in the morning of July 16. Mellett's own newspaper, owned by ex-Governor Cox, is pledged to carry on his work. Mellett must be avenged, declare dailies in Cleveland and Cincinnati. The thirty-six-year-old journalist had been in charge of Governor Cox's Canton *News* for less than two years. For most of this time he had been carrying on a fight for reform, in the course of which two leaders in Canton's underworld had been sent to jail and several changes had been forced in the city's officialdom. Recently *The News* had been campaigning against the city's chief of police. An ouster had been blocked by the Civil Service Commission and the police chief had in turn sued *The News* for libel.

"Mellett's steady hammering against the vice ring of northeastern Ohio was beginning to tell," says the writer of one dispatch from Canton, "and he was planning a final drive when the bullets of the killers brought him down." Mr. Mellett, newspaper readers will remember, was shot from ambush at his garage door shortly after midnight. The city was stirred and $25,000 reward was offered to help find the slayers. Governor Donahey of Ohio and several outside newspapers at once offered assistance in ferreting out the murderers. The cry went forth to "clean up the jungle," as the Canton criminal district is called.

Politics enters into the Canton situation from two angles, writes a correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle:* "One is a parole situation, somewhat similar in its laxity to New York's; the other is political control of Canton." A correspondent of the Columbus *Dispatch* declares that Mellett, who had been threatened several times, and for a while kept a police guard at his house, "was shot down because he would not cease the fight to break the power of the underworld in Canton's municipal affairs." "Blood had to be spilled and an editor martyred before Canton would believe that things were as bad as they were painted, but now William McKinley's home city is aroused and a heretofore dormant citizenry is giving amazed attention to the political mess that it cost Mellett his life to uncover," adds this writer, who explains that back of it all lies this tangle:

"Two factions in the Republican party are at war with each other as well as with the Democrats.

"The Democrats holding some important offices, but checked short of control.

"Two factions in the police department.

"Four underworld groups—bootleggers, drug pedlers, gamblers, and vice promoters.

"Each group charged with graft and corruption by the others."

Canton has a comparatively large underworld, explains the Canton correspondent of the Washington *Post*, and, as it lies half-way between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, gangsters from both cities have been wont to go into seclusion there. Canton was wide open, according to this writer, until Mellett started his campaign.

"Mellett died in pursuance of his duty; he knew conditions were bad in Canton and he fought them courageously," said ex-Governor Cox, owner of *The News*. In the first extra telling of the news of the tragedy, the Canton daily carried this first-page editorial:

"Like a captain in battle leading his forces, Don R. Mellett, publisher of *The Daily News*, has fallen—a sacrifice to the cause he waged against vice, and what he believed efforts to corrupt the city government. Wanton murder stalked at midnight into his home. Assassin bullets took his life, and left the widow and four small children, his only pride and joy outside of his newspaper work. Shot down in the dark without warning or any chance to defend himself, he is the victim of cowards who were afraid to come out and fight fair. He has been laid upon the altar, a martyr to a system that is getting a strangle-hold upon government. Canton more forcibly realizes now what he was fighting and why he was fighting. His passing does not mean the end of the battle.

"A criminal hierarchy that can disrupt a police force, a city, a county, not by graft alone, but by a reign of terrorism in which not only officials but its own members are under threat of death, can do anything so long as it is tolerated. Thank God, and with God's guidance, it will not be tolerated much longer.

"*The Daily News* will carry on. God helping us, we can do no other."

The "cowardly assassination" of Mellett is denounced by another Canton paper, *The Repository*, which feels that "a point has been reached where the community must decide whether law and order or the gunmen shall control." In the State capital the Columbus *Dispatch* characterizes the murder as "a challenge to government and good citizenship." And *The Ohio State Journal* in the same city declares that "a shocked and outraged citizenship" will meet this "challenge of the underworld with grim determination to break its power." Ohio will be regarded as dominated by crime, says the Cleveland *News*, "if the murder of the courageous Canton man is allowed to go unpunished as so many gangster crimes have gone." And *The Plain Dealer* sees indications "that before the Mellett case

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passes into history Canton and Stark County will receive a moral cleansing long needed." The Cleveland *Press*, a Scripps-Howard paper, declares: "In the name of decency, in the name of law and order, Don R. Mellett must be avenged." If there is any connection between Mellett's work for reform and his assassination, says the Dayton *Journal*, "no man who stands between decent and honorable people and dishonest, vicious and corrupt people is safe." The Cincinnati *Post* argues that the shame of Canton is due to the decent citizens who neglect to vote, while vice "casts its vote as an organization."

The Mellett murder, writes Lewis Barnard, of the Consolidated Press, from Canton, gives the smaller communities of the whole country something to think about: "the underworlds of the nation's great cities are better advertised, but they may not be a whit worse than the underworlds of the smaller cities." All over the country newspapers characterize the Canton killing as a challenge to the good citizenship of every community, and a challenge which must be met. The Springfield *Republican* finds in the crime three important social facts:

"These are the recklessness and ruthlessness that characterize a large class of lawbreakers; the fact that there are individuals who are willing, from a sense of public duty, to risk their lives in militant protest against the predatory element in high and low places; the depressing fact that the great mass of citizens are content to let things drift so far as their own contributions toward checking them are concerned."

P. & A. photograph

"HE DIED IN A BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT"

Said Governor Donahey of Ohio, after the murder of Don R. Mellett, editor of the Canton *News*.

"In unnumbered communities," we read in *The Wall Street Journal*, "the question may well be asked whether the police department and the municipal administration generally is any stronger than the appallingly weak one unmasked by the cowardly shooting of D. R. Mellett." And, it is asked, "in how many other cities has the abstention from local politics of supposedly 'good' citizens left the field clear for the personal warfare of petty chieftains who batten on bootlegging, dive-keeping and similar sources of graft?" Non-enforcement of Prohibition is brought up by several editorial commentators on the Mellett case, the Grand Rapids *Press* observing:

"Given sufficient immunity for one type of lawbreaking, and all types, not excluding murder, will follow in its wake. We can not make a law and expect it to stand or fall alone, without consequences to other laws. The whole circuit is closed when the hypocritical decision is made not to enforce."

The Wall Street Journal hopes that the murderers will be hunted down and the city of Canton cleaned up either by local or State authorities:

"If organized lawbreakers were allowed to get away with murder as a mere incident to their business it would not be the first time such a thing had happened, nor Canton the only community in which the forces of savagery had defied civilization. But it would mark another high tide in the lawlessness which permits bolshevist Russia and bandit Mexico to point the finger of scorn at the United States. And both Russia and Mexico can plead mitigating circumstances."

BORAH'S NEW DRY PARTY

THE FIRST "OVERT ACT" against the possible candidacy of President Coolidge to succeed himself is discerned by Maurice Judd, Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, in the recent speech of Senator Borah before the Protestant Ministers' Association at Augusta, Georgia. Speaking on the wet-and-dry issue, the Idaho Senator declared that attempts to repeal the dry law are in reality attacks upon the Constitution, which mean nullification, and this, he asserts, is the greatest present danger to the Republic. Furthermore, said Mr. Borah: "If neither of our political parties will take a definite stand on the liquor question, then let the people organize another party which will be loyal to the Constitution of the United States."

This is interpreted by the Asheville *Times* to mean that "either Senator Borah is setting the stage for his own Presidential candidacy or he hopes to arouse a public sentiment that will force the Republican party to select a nominee and adopt a platform acceptable to the progressive element." To Robert T. Small, of the Consolidated Press, Senator Borah's proposed speaking tour, which began with Augusta, "means that the Republican party at its next national convention must meet the Prohibition question squarely for the first time."

According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, "politicians believe Mr. Borah is going to lead a movement to unite the dry forces of the country, regardless of party lines, for a showdown with the wets if the occasion arises." Already, we are told, Prohibition leaders in the South have served warning on the Democrats that if they nominate wet candidates for high office, the drys will bolt the party ticket. The Idaho Senator, it is said, either hopes, through his efforts between now and next January, to reorganize the Republican party on progressive lines and get the nomination, or head a third party. While Mark Sullivan is not among the Washington correspondents who believe Mr. Borah is campaigning for the nomination in 1928, he nevertheless reminds us that "Senator Borah has the largest personal following of any man now in American public life, and those who envisage Borah as the candidate of a formidable party see him uniting the dry South to the liberal West, with the East divided between wets supporting Governor Smith and conservatives supporting the Republican nominee, whoever that may be." To the New York *Sun's* Washington correspondent, "Mr. Borah seems at this time to be the only Republican in the country who could make a real fight against Calvin Coolidge in 1928."

In his Augusta speech of July 18, the Senator said, in part:

"When the debate on the liquor problem opened a few months ago, the question did not seem particularly important. It did not appear to be either interesting or significant. The discussion was over the modification of the Volstead Law, a little higher percentage of alcohol, but always within the Constitution, and therefore always non-intoxicating.

"The controversy had not proceeded far, however, until the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most important issue that a self-governing people can ever be called upon to consider forged its way to the front. Instead of a modification of the Volstead Law, we now have the nullification of the Constitution. Instead of non-intoxicating liquor within the Constitution, the demand is now for intoxicating liquor in defiance of the Constitution.

"Instead of amending the Constitution so as to turn this matter back to the States, if it is thought wise to do so, it is seriously proposed that the States shall be given control, regardless of the Constitution—the Federal Government, like Saul of old, consenting to the crime. The same leaders who asked in the beginning for modification within the Constitution now declare that they will have intoxicating liquor, Constitution or no Constitution, Volstead Law or no Volstead Law.

"This is the issue that we now have to meet.

"It may be that it is within the power of the liquor interests to amend the Constitution—a thing which it is well within their rights to undertake. But it is not within the power of the liquor interests to nullify the Constitution.

"If the Eighteenth Amendment was an injudicious distribution of power between the State and National Governments, then the people can take it out of the Constitution in the same way and by the same process they wrote it into the Constitution.

"If the adversaries of the Eighteenth Amendment, now greatly interested for the first time in the principle of referendums, would submit a referendum in their respective States for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, they would be pursuing a course not subject to criticism, an orderly, dignified course. But their referendums in the forms submitted are for the purpose of undermining and destroying the Constitution through nullification. The people are not being asked to express themselves in favor of amending the Constitution of the United States, but in favor of the States respectively construing and enforcing the Constitution of the United States. And when any State, under the guise of taking the advice of the people through a referendum, proposes that which, if effective, will nullify the Constitution of the United States, or any part of it, it is a matter of supreme concern to all the people in every State of the Union.

"There never has been a time in the history of constitutional government when men should stand so firm in defense of law and order and the orderly procedure by which constitutional rights are guaranteed as at the present time. What we need is not less democracy, but more; not less faith in constitutional government, but more."

The Idaho Senator, many editors agree will do an important service if, through his speaking tour, he can force his own political party to take a definite stand on the liquor question. Certainly, his speeches demanding loyalty to the Constitution can not be ignored, avers the Utica *Press*. For explains the Boston *Globe:*

"The Idaho Senator occupies a unique position in American politics. Nobody can challenge the quality of his statesmanship. Conviction, rather than expediency, has shaped his career. He has never 'stood pat' with the regulars; neither has he run wild with the insurgents. He is a power to-day in both groups of a split party. Instead of owing allegiance to either, he commands the respect of both."

Never before, thinks the Winston-Salem *Journal*, "has the real issue which the wets have precipitated been more accurately exprest than by Mr. Borah." To this Southern paper:

"Apart from whether Prohibition is right or wrong, good or bad, the real fight has become the abolition or the reinstatement of constitutional government in the United States. The failure of Prohibition now means more than the failure of one law to be enforced; it means the failure of all constituted authority embodied in the Constitution of the United States, for if one Amendment can be flouted, then all Amendments and the Constitution itself can be flouted."

In fact, maintains the Raleigh *News and Observer:*

"There is to-day a well-organized and well-financed propaganda to nullify the Constitution and laws of the land. For months there has been an attempt to change or repeal the Volstead Law. Opponents, well within their rights to secure repeal of a law they do not like, have signally failed either to repeal or to modify. Now the plan is the lawless and anarchistic one of nullification of the Constitution. Those in the saddle, despairing of the legal and orderly method of trying to secure repeal, are now joining hands with the lawless."

On the other hand, maintains Senator Edwards, Democrat of New Jersey, an uncompromising wet, "if the registering of State-wide public opinion on a Constitutional question is nullification, then I am a devout follower of Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League." And the New York *American* thinks that the Senator from Idaho, so far as New York's referendum on the Prohibition question is concerned, "is sincere, but mistaken. The people of New York who are going to vote their opinion this fall simply intend to find out how many of them prefer a method of liquor control promising better results in temperance. That process, carried out by a sufficient number of States, will constitute a revelation of American opinion." "The New York State referendum, at its worst, is merely a request for Congressional action on a statute," agrees the New York *Evening Post*, which believes that "the country must make a calm survey of the wet-and-dry issue." "Modificationists, or nullificationists, as Mr. Borah calls them, are not opposed to constitutional government," we are assured by the Louisville *Times;* "they want liquor. That's all."

"There has been much loose talk about this referendum business," complains the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "and Senator Borah is by no means free from it." According to the New York *Times*, "the New York State referendum may not amount to anything or lead anywhere, but the bogy Mr. Borah tries to make of it is absurd." To quote the Newark *News:*

"It is the understanding of Governor Smith, of New York, and Elihu Root, who drafted the New York referendum plan, that the referendum is nothing more than an expression of that public sentiment in which Senator Borah believes so implicitly. Governor Smith agrees with Senator Borah that, since intoxicating liquor is forbidden by a Constitutional Amendment and Federal Statute, the situation can be changed only by Federal action.

"All the people of New York State can do is to register their sentiment, which, if anti-Prohibition sentiment prevails, can be used to influence Congress to modify the Volstead Law or repeal the Eighteenth Amendment."

"What Senator Borah really objects to," asserts the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "is any referendum which offers a chance for the expression of hostility to the Volstead Law. The Senator is simply using the Constitution to choke off any expression of popular opinion." His Augusta speech, the New York *Herald Tribune* is convinced, "was long on emotionalism, but short on sober reasoning." As this New York daily explains:

"Nullification, as Calhoun established the doctrine, means resistance by one State or more to laws passed by Congress. The initiative is with the State.

"The New York question contemplates approval of no such course. It merely asks the people of this State to say whether or not Congress should, in their opinion, 'modify the Volstead Law to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment so that the same shall not prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation, and exportation of beverages which are not in fact intoxicating, as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective States.'

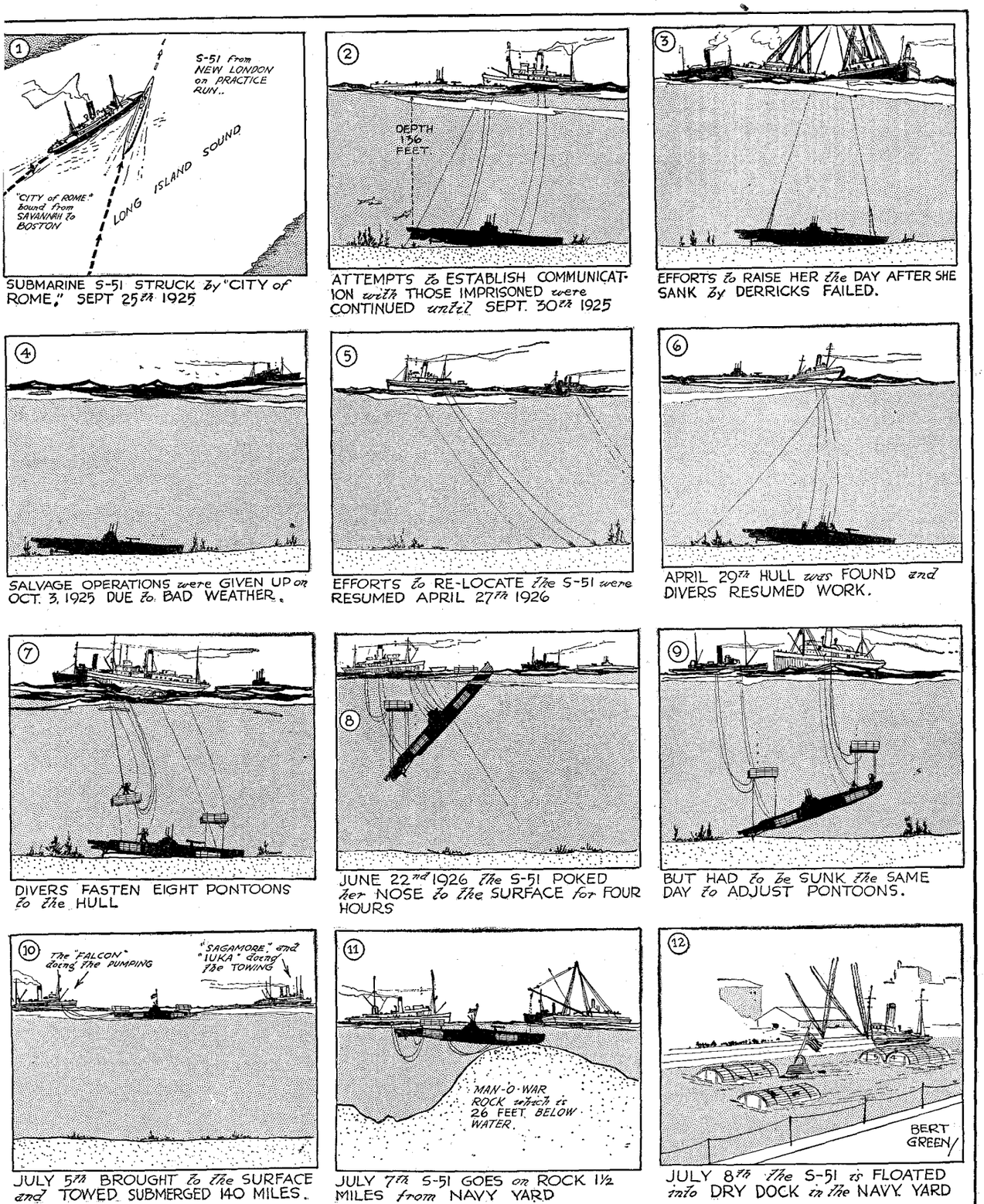
"The New York referendum simply raises the question of standards of enforcement. The Volstead Law contains two standards. If the New York question were answered in the affirmative and Congress should accept its suggestions, the one-half of 1 per cent. Volstead standard would only be displaced for all beverages by the non-intoxicating Volstead standard, and that only in States which wished to make such a substitution.

"We should still have constitutional enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment if Congress amended the Volstead Law and allowed each State the full alternative standard of non-intoxication. There could be no nullification, for the State laws and the Federal law itself would both be subject to the terms of the Eighteenth Amendment, so long as the latter remained unrepealed.

"Mr. Borah does not deny the right of any citizen or group of citizens to work for repeal of the Amendment. How can he deny the right of the people of any State to ask Congress to undertake a revision of the Volstead Law which would necessarily continue within the limitations of the Amendment?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri


1
S-51 from NEW LONDON on PRACTICE RUN..
LONG ISLAND SOUND
"CITY of ROME" Bound from SAVANNAH to BOSTON
SUBMARINE S-51 STRUCK by "CITY of ROME," SEPT 25th 1925
2
DEPTH 136 FEET.
ATTEMPTS to ESTABLISH COMMUNICATION with THOSE IMPRISONED were CONTINUED until SEPT. 30th 1925
3
EFFORTS to RAISE HER the DAY AFTER SHE SANK by DERRICKS FAILED.
4
SALVAGE OPERATIONS were GIVEN UP on OCT. 3, 1925 DUE to BAD WEATHER.
5
EFFORTS to RE-LOCATE the S-51 were RESUMED APRIL 27th 1926
6
APRIL 29th HULL was FOUND and DIVERS RESUMED WORK.
7
DIVERS FASTEN EIGHT PONTOONS to the HULL
8
JUNE 22nd 1926 the S-51 POKED her NOSE to the SURFACE for FOUR HOURS
9
BUT HAD to be SUNK the SAME DAY to ADJUST PONTOONS.
10
The "FALCON" doing the PUMPING
"SAGAMORE" and "IUKA" doing the TOWING
JULY 5th BROUGHT to the SURFACE and TOWED SUBMERGED 140 MILES.
11
MAN-O-WAR ROCK which is 26 FEET BELOW WATER.
JULY 7th S-51 GOES on ROCK 1½ MILES from NAVY YARD
12
BERT GREEN
JULY 8th the S-51 is FLOATED into DRY DOCK in the NAVY YARD

THE RETURN OF THE *S-51*—IN TWELVE SCENES

One of the worst peace-time disasters in the history of the United States Navy was the sinking of the *S-51* when it was struck by the *City of Rome* on September 25, 1925, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, near Block Island, in 130 feet of water. Three of the crew of thirty-six were rescued, and eight bodies were taken from the wreck. After the submarine was refloated in the East River, as shown above, it was placed in dry dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Eighteen bodies then were taken from the hull, showing that seven men had been washed overboard. It was proved that the crew were at their posts and were trying to avoid a collision. President Coolidge said of the crew that "they could have been no greater heroes if they had died in action." The raising of the sunken submarine by pontoons, in deep water, in spite of adverse weather conditions, is considered one of the most remarkable pieces of salvage work in naval annals. It is now planned to recondition the *S-51* and place it in service again. Navy officials pay high tribute to the skill and daring of the men who brought the submarine to the surface.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITAIN HELPS RIVET THE LID

TWISTERS OF THE LION'S TAIL who delight to picture Great Britain as the open ally of the rum smugglers who occasionally, it is said, land contraband cargoes on America's dry shores, are reminded by the Minneapolis *Journal* that Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition enforcement, now in London to arrange closer cooperation to stamp out liquor running, is there by direct invitation of the British Government. "He has not gone over to lay down the law to the Britons," we are informed; "he has gone over to meet half-way the British offer to make it more difficult for British subjects to engage in rum-running, and for British ships to be used for that purpose." General Andrews is not asking for new laws or treaties; he is there, say London dispatches, to obtain the cooperation of the British Government in discouraging transatlantic bootlegging, as well as rum-running into the United States from the Bahamas and Canada. Already, says an Associated Press message from London:

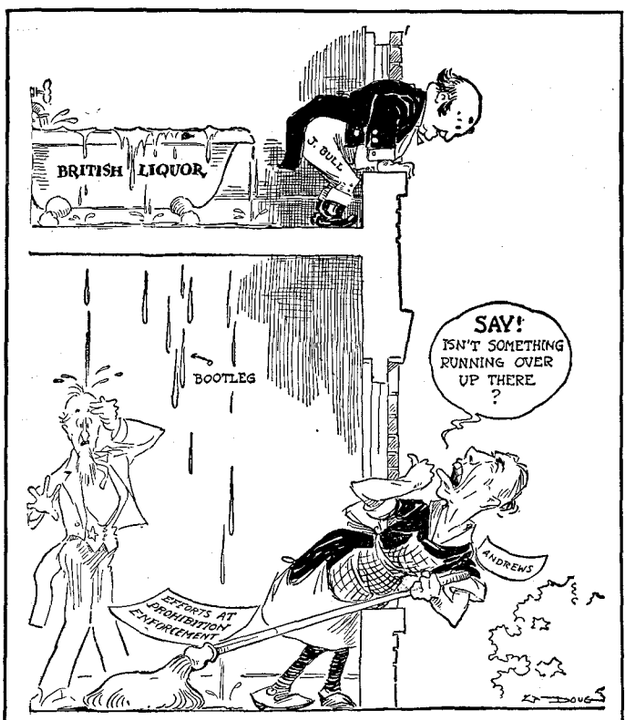
"The British Government has indicated willingness to cooperate with the American enforcement authorities in the following three ways: United States cutters will be permitted to enter British territorial waters in the Bahamas; transfers to the British flag of vessels intended for the smuggling trade will be prevented; shipmasters will be prosecuted for making false declarations regarding their destination."

Efforts also are to be made to secure closer cooperation by France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. "And General Andrews," notes the Manchester *Union*, "is admirably qualified to obtain such cooperation." The Roanoke *Times* admits that the General "is an able administrator of unquestioned integrity," and W. W. Jermane declares in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times* that:

"General Andrews has intelligence of a high order and administrative ability as great as the Government has possest in any important office for a long time. In these respects I compare him with Secretary Hoover, than which he could be paid no greater compliment.

"He began his work with a definite program; his predecessors at no time had a program. He was not a mere office seeker, as they had been. They lobbied for the job; he was drafted. One of the first things he discovered was that the Government had no intelligent organization for enforcement purposes. He straightway began creating one, and his work in that respect has been successful."

A great deal of skepticism, however, crops out in the editorials and dispatches. The New York *Daily News*, which announces that it is for "modification of the Volstead Law," believes that "Andrews might as well ask Senator Borah to indorse Al Smith for President as to ask England to cut off one of its biggest sources of revenue." "British Government officials may be willing to help General Andrews," points out the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "but there are British shipping interests to be considered. And they are quite powerful." Furthermore, says a London dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*



MOPPING AGAINST ODDS

—Douglass in the Chicago *Daily News*.

"The greatest pressure is being put upon the British Government by whisky exporters and shippers not to grant any more concessions to the Prohibition enforcement authorities in America. The commercial interests of the country look with disfavor on the promises of assistance which Britain already has granted the United States in the fight against the illicit rum traffic, and are working desperately to defeat the mission which has brought General Andrews to London. The British export traders and shippers especially are opposed to the concession which the Government offered the United States last March that 'under certain circumstances' American revenue cutters might be permitted to enter British territorial waters.

"In shipping circles here it is declared that this measure, in whatever form, is highly dangerous and, with the best intentions on the part of America, is open to abuse. To be useful to the Prohibition authorities, the British shippers say, the revenue cutters must have the right of search. This means, they argue, that British cargoes passing through the West Indies and destined for South America would run the risk of inspection by a competing nation."

Still another obstacle which General Andrews must hurdle, says another London dispatch, is the opposition of several Members of Parliament who are interested in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages in one way or another. And when he is coming down the home-stretch, suggests the Springfield *Union*, he should beware of being tript by the British Government itself:

"The dispatches report General Andrews as highly gratified over the readiness of British officials to help the Government of the United States to enforce its laws. But we have become so accustomed to feel that as a nation we can take care of ourselves, that enthusiasm over General Andrews's appeal to the British Government to help us out, and gratitude for the British readiness to do it, may come a little hard.

"Before we take our gratitude on too high a flight, however, it may be safer to wait to discover what it is that the British Government wants as its part of the bargain. No doubt the war changed Great Britain in some respects, but we have never heard that its government has so changed as to adopt a policy of giving something for nothing. On the former occasion when we sought the help of Great Britain in enforcing our laws—and got it after a fashion in a treaty—it was specifically granted that British nationals should have certain privileges in this country that American citizens are by law denied. . . . It does not yet appear what the British Government wants, but it may be set down as a practical certainty that it is not going to ask the United States to help it enforce British laws."

Finally, the Brooklyn *Eagle* is of the opinion that—

"In begging foreign governments for their aid in enforcing an American domestic law, the United States is not in a very dignified position. The profest object of General Andrews is to dry up illicit liquor at its source. But smuggling from overseas is a minor source of bootleg brew, as compared with manufacture in this country, where no bootlegger seems to have any difficulty in obtaining supplies of alcohol. It would be more logical for the Treasury Department to throw its full endeavor against domestic distillers and manufacturers.

"The United States should deal with liquor smuggling on its own responsibility. It would cost an enormous sum to guard our coasts, but it can be done, and Congress should be willing to pay the price for the enforcement of an amendment considered of such supreme moral importance."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

HOWEVER, as a Wizard of Finance, M. Caillaux didn't seem to wiz.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"FARMERS want relief from Congress," says a headline. That, we believe, makes it unanimous.—*Wichita Price Current.*

AMUNDSEN and Byrd proved conclusively that they could fly over the Pole in less time than it takes them to tell about it.—*Life.*

THE Prohibitionists are trying to revive that party, and if the effort is successful the Democrats may also get the idea there is some hope.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ANY boy may become President, but if he wishes to become a senator he had better begin to save early.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

FRAU LUDENDORFF has obtained a divorce, and we suppose that fighting for the old warrior is over at last.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

BRITISH sporting trophies are assuming dental aspects —coming out, one might say, with a succession of Yanks. —*Casper (Wyo.) Herald.*

IF President Coolidge's fishing luck keeps up, he will have something nifty to tell Congress in his fall message. —*Winston-Salem Journal.*

A JOB as president of our emergency fleet corporation seems to be about as permanent as that of a French premier.—*Indianapolis Star.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has refused to discuss the fish which he caught recently, and now we know the man's silence isn't a pose.—*El Paso Times.*

AN English banker is quoted as saying "that the financial balance of the world could be most rapidly restored if the English people would economize as much as possible and the American people would spend as much as possible." And that practically leaves it up to the English people.—*Wichita Price Current.*

A NEW YORK judge has ruled that a hearse is a pleasure vehicle. Some courts have a distorted idea of what constitutes a good time.—*New York Sun.*

IT is said it is difficult to induce the Filipinos to live within their incomes. Americanization appears to be making progress there.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

WE are happy to note that a Republican Administration has the grace to repair the White House for the Democratic tenant who will move in March 4, 1929.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

MUSTAFA KEMAL has ruled that Turkish women shall not criticize the new style in dress. Well, Mustafa was a pretty good fellow in some ways and we wonder who'll succeed him.— *Nashville Banner.*

SOMEBODY tells us that 2 per cent. of the people do the world's thinking. And judging by the thinks we reckon about three-fourths of that 2 per cent. would do more good by going to work. —*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

THERE are two sides to everything. This is especially true of a penitentiary.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

THIS department awaits with feverish expectancy the news that the President has caught an electric eel.—*New York Sun.*

IT is estimated that seven men would still play golf if it was called work and paid thirty-seven cents an hour.—*Birmingham News.*

UNCLE SAM is rounding up and deporting unfit aliens. What's the old gentleman thinking of? Does he want to make a regular Chicago out of Europe?— *Nashville Banner.*

Copyrighted, 1926, by the New York Tribune, Inc.

GOING TO THE SOURCE

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

THE national wealth is now $3,200 per capita. We are all capita, but the trouble is not all of us have the per.— *Minneapolis Journal.*

"A NEW YORK singer who was accidentally hit on the head with a hammer lost his voice." But you can't hit by radio.—*Toledo Blade.*

WE wouldn't be surprized to read of Bobby Jones putting on a kilt and taking the women's golf championship too.—*South Bend Tribune.*

AMERICAN judges seem so prone to lock up juries for the night that we suggest they extend the system to include a few of the defendants.— *Life.*

AL SMITH says the next election will be the hottest in history. They must be planning to run a Democrat against a Democrat.—*El Paso Times.*

FOR that matter, the political world makes a beaten path to the door of the fellow who has a little better grade of claptrap.—*Newcastle Courier.*

THE young college athlete who recently held up a restaurant in New York at the point of a pistol has been set free and given a position as messenger for a bank, and a reader of the New York *Times* anxiously inquires, "What bank?" —*Kansas City Star.*

KIPLING says only a dozen authors have achieved immortality in 2,500 years. Most of the modern ones seem content to miss it by a t.—*Wall Street Journal.*

SENATOR CUMMINS predicts that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate in 1928. The man who has just been licked thinks nobody can be elected.—*Washington Post.*

"MAN, eighty, returns home for first time in half century," says a *Herald* headline. The article doesn't say, but we trust he was successful in matching the sample.—*El Paso Times.*

THE woman who used to astonish her husband by getting the family's vacation wardrobe into one trunk is now living up to her reputation by getting an antique cupboard into the sedan.— *South Bend Tribune.*

MUSSOLINI has suspended all provincial and municipal elections in Italy as a measure of economy. Probably the high cost of elections in Pennsylvania has been called to his attention.— *Seattle Times.*

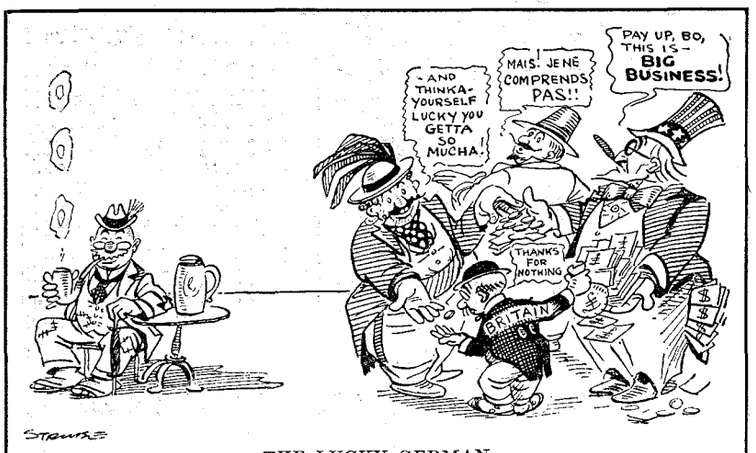
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ANGLO-FRENCH FINANCIAL HARMONY

THE ONLY KIND WORDS ever heard about a war-debt settlement, we are told, are those inspired by the Anglo-French accord concluded by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Caillaux. But it is pointed out also that even these negotiations, felicitously as they have resulted, brought forth some bitter remarks about "Uncle Sam Shylock" in French and German newspapers which disapprove of the Mellon-Bérenger arrangement for the payment of France's debt to the United States. Yet there are French journals, and among them is the Paris *Soir*, which are impelled to say: "It can not be doubted that the Secretary of the United States Treasury will, in his turn, rectify the agreement signed at Washington in a sense more favorable to French interests." This observation appears to proceed first from the impression made by the British safeguarding letter to protect France's interests in case Germany should default in her reparation payments, and secondly it is said to be influenced by the transfer clause, whereby the annual payment by the French should be postponed in case a large sum remitted to England would endanger the stability of the franc. According to London Associated Press dispatches—


- AND THINK-A- YOURSELF LUCKY YOU GETTA SO MUCHA!
MAIS! JENE COMPRENDS PAS!!
PAY UP, BO, THIS IS - BIG BUSINESS!
THANKS FOR NOTHING
BRITAIN
STRUWWE

THE LUCKY GERMAN

FRITZ: "Vell, tank gootness I haf no Allies to pay war debts to."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"Another point which the French experts consider more advantageous than the Franco-American settlement is that under the new agreement there is no possibility in any circumstances of the Anglo-French funding settlement becoming commercialized. The agreement provides that none of the French bonds may be placed in the open market or negotiated, as authorized by the American settlement.

"Should France's incapacity to pay make any future revision necessary, it is understood that the principle will be maintained that the amounts paid to Great Britain must be proportionate to those paid to the United States."

These dispatches relate further that altho the new Anglo-French arrangement does not give France all she asked for, it is much more lenient than had hereto been contemplated and the contention is made that "it cancels about three-fifths of France's nominal debt." Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill, announced in the House of Commons that all French governments had sought to insert in the war-debt agreement a clause which would make the continuance of annuities to Britain dependent upon the reparations obtained by France from Germany, but the British Government felt, he explained, that the annuities should rest upon the sole credit of France, which resulted in a complete deadlock on this point since Mr. Caillaux had been previously in London. But Mr. Churchill went on to say:

"We have finally agreed that, while there is no safeguard clause in the agreement, letters should be exchanged between the representatives of the two governments, making it clear that in the event of complete or a very serious failure in German payments, which we see no reason to apprehend, France would be entitled to ask for a reconsideration of the terms in the light of all the circumstances then prevailing. We are therefore committed to the principle of reconsideration in such an eventuality.

"It would, however, be open to us to raise any counter-arguments which may seem to arise upon, for instance, the simultaneous injury which we ourselves should suffer by the failure of German reparations during the continuance of our obligations to the United States, and also upon what would be fair among the nations who have been allies in war, having regard to the actual financial and economic circumstances in which either of them may find themselves in that period."

Mr. Churchill further explained that the transfer clause, providing for a limited delay in making payments on account of exchange difficulties, had been agreed on along the lines of that contained in the French debt settlement to the United States, and he added:

"There is also a clause providing, in the event of British receipts from reparations and war debts exceeding at any time what we shall have paid since the end of the war to the United States, that a surplus shall be divided between the various allied debtors in reduction to their future contributions. This conforms to the Balfour note and is identical with the provision in the British-Italian debt settlement."

The British Government believes that the settlement embodies the best practical arrangement likely to be achieved, to use Mr. Churchill's words, and that it is also "in harmony with the traditional policy of this country in respect to indebtedness incurred by the allies of Britain in a common cause." A London correspondent of the New York *Times* summarizes Mr. Churchill's report on the scale of payments as follows:

"A total of £775,000,000 would be paid over a sixty-two-year period, he said, beginning with an instalment of £6,000,000 this year, of which £2,000,000 was an immediate payment to be made out of French cash balances in Britain in lieu of a British demand for an equivalent instalment in 1925.

"The instalments would afterward be in successive years six, eight, and ten million pounds. From 1920 to 1956 they would be £12,500,000, and from 1956 onward £14,000,000.

"The question of the £53,500,000 gold transferred by the French Government to Britain during the war, said the Chancellor, had been adjusted by France continuing to owe Britain, outside the limits of the debt settlement, the sum of £53,500,000 as a non-interest-bearing debt, and by Britain continuing to credit France with £53,500,000 in gold as a non-interest-bearing debt, future adjustment of the situation being left to future agreement."

Among the British press some newspapers indulge in comparisons between what they call "English leniency" and "American severity" toward all debtor nations. Thus the London *Daily Mail* observes:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

"Our payments to the United States for a debt half as large again as France's to ourselves, are over £37,000,000 a year, or much more than France will be asked to pay us. The explanation of the severe terms imposed on us is no doubt that the people of the United States know very little about the war. We do not suppose that the great majority of the public of the United States realize we British are paying them a billion pounds or so which we borrowed for our allies.

"Every penny of that money was spent in the United States buying American goods at prices fixt by the American Government, which collected income tax and other taxes upon it, while the profits went into American pockets. When the agreement with the United States was concluded we were assured that more favorable terms should not be granted to other nations. Yet, subsequently, conditions of payment have been granted to Italy and France which make the conditions of our payment look usurious."

The safeguarding clause in the Anglo-French agreement is "a concession more apparent than real," thinks the London *Westminster Gazette*, because it is so improbable that any French government would pay in case Germany defaulted on reparations. But this daily goes on to say—

"No one imagines any of the present settlements are final and as the years go on it may occur to America that it would be just and friendly to put all her debtors on the same footing."

The ultra-Conservative London *Morning Post* thinks that "our French friends will agree with us that the terms of the settlement are not ungenerous and represent the limit beyond which the British Government could not go without doing an injustice to the people of this country." Expressing the views of British labor, the London *Daily Herald* declares that as the masses in Britain have been taxed to repay the debt to America, so now "the turn of the French workers is coming." Says the Manchester *Guardian:*

"Perhaps the time has gone by for congratulation, but we may at any rate heave a sigh of relief at the hope that we may shortly be able to dismiss from our minds for good this plaguing question of interallied debts—for the Anglo-French debt is the last of the major debts outstanding, always excepting those which Russia owes. These barren problems have occupied the attention of the statesmen of Europe and America too long. Constructive ideas will now, it is hoped, fall on more receptive minds."

Perhaps the most illuminating reflection of French popular and press opinion on the Anglo-French debt agreement appears in a survey by a Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, in which we read:

"Since yesterday the position of Europe toward America has changed. Until then Europe was divided. Britain was counted along with the United States as a great creditor. Now Britain ranks among the debtor countries which are friendly in their distress, and all pointing a finger of accusation across the Atlantic.

"Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux returned from London to meet nothing but praise for his efforts in securing from Mr. Churchill those terms of security and independence which Mr. Bérenger failed to obtain at Washington. He has brought with him also a new appreciation of Britain. 'Gentlemanly' is the word most commonly used in to-day's press in description of the terms of the settlement, but there is something more than that which crops out here and there in the more serious comment.

"Britain, these commentators say, has learned the use of power. When over a hundred years ago she wiped out all the European debts which had piled up in the colossal effort against Napoleon's power, she showed her financial wisdom, from which she reaped the benefit in trade for a full century. That wisdom has not left her.

"The contrast is not pointed, but it is indicated, and to-day it is no exaggeration to say that America's reputation is as low as, if not lower than, it was in those days when the *Lusitania* was sunk and President Wilson hesitated and held aloof. The Allies are united again in the spirit of the common bond of their indebtedness and America stands coldly aloof, appearing to have sympathy only for Germany. At least this is the way the French see it.

"Belgium, once again ruined, has to-day turned to her King to save her. Italy is faced with a situation which, for all Mussolini's strength, may prove too hard to her. Britain, who, while she held the seas for four years and threw her best into the turmoil, saw her trade go elsewhere, has come again to help the Allies.

"Despite her economic troubles, despite her burden of taxation, which crushes her industry, she has held to Lord Balfour's promise of four years ago that she will collect from her debtors, including Germany, only what she must pay to America. Further, she has shown her great ally that between them there can be no straining of creditors' rights, no question of mortgage, but faith in the word of one nation of proved honor to another, and sympathy if events should prove adverse.

"That is the situation which in America must be faced. Our debtors are united. They are thinking about acting in common and pooling their resources. They have begun to think, after the experience of Belgium and Italy, that no nation alone can stabilize its money and withstand the crushing power of the dollar. They must reorganize and the beginning of reorganization would most unquestionably be a stubborn opposition to all imports from over the Atlantic. Germany and Britain can supply manufactured goods. Russia, South America, and the British Dominions can supply wheat and oil. Yet, even now there is hope here that the United States will not eventually prove so uncomprehending."

FRENCH SATIRE

John Bull amuses Germany by terrifying France.

—*Aux Ecoutes* (Paris).

Vorwaerts, a Socialist-democratic Berlin newspaper, comments on the French Socialist demand for the introduction of a transfer clause in the Mellon-Bérenger agreement, similar to that in the Dawes plan, designed to safeguard the stability of the mark, and says:

"It is wholly incomprehensible that the American Government has not voluntarily offered to France, its ally in the war, the same security as was accorded conquered Germany. Altogether, the treatment France has received at the hands of her former associate in the war has been anything but generous. England is more decent, since she herself foots a heavy debt burden to America and so she is obliged to lean on her own debtors.

"The bitterness prevailing in France over America's Shylock-like conduct is not only understandable but—and this must be emphasized from the German side—thoroughly justifiable. The manner in which American capital, through the exploitation of its financial supremacy, gained by the blind madness of the European Powers' struggle among themselves, has tried to subjugate European countries economically, one after another, must arouse among these peoples a hostile sentiment which the American people will have cause to regret when Europeans finally realize their common interests."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOKYO VIEWS OF LEAGUE FRICTION

SECONDARY POWERS and small States, which resent the fact that the most powerful nations of the world, Japan, Great Britain, France, and Italy, form the Permanent Council of the League of Nations, are asked by some Japanese editors to remember that the force of necessity empowered these nations to assume such authority. The remark is elicited by the formal withdrawal of Brazil from the League and the reports that Spain and Poland will follow suit. According to the Tokyo *Yamato*, Brazil, Spain and Poland contend that discrimination in favor of Germany is an injustice toward them, and this daily goes on to say:

"The Council is the most important institution of the League of Nations, so the monopoly of permanent councilorships by only Japan, Great Britain, France, and Italy is by no means unreasonable. Before the World War such important functions were assumed by powerful States alone, to which no objection was heard from small nations. Even if they had been dissatisfied, they did not venture to raise objection. The times have, however, so greatly changed that they boldly claim equal treatment with the great Powers, and their claim is regarded as lawful. As the growth of democracy does away with class distinction, so powerful nations cease to be tyrannical, altho they were accustomed to be so before the World War. Even small States are rising to influence. This is what we style the democratization of the international community.

"The League of Nations is not a super-State which transcends all the nations of the world, but is a federation of free and independent States, so they should be free to join or to desert, altho small States would have to be humble before the strong power of the League of Nations had been organized a decade ago. The emboldened attitude of powerless nations indicates the great change of the times. This is certainly the democratization of the international community."

A GERMAN REQUIREMENT

FRÄULEIN GERMANIA: "Get off my train! I wish to be presented alone."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

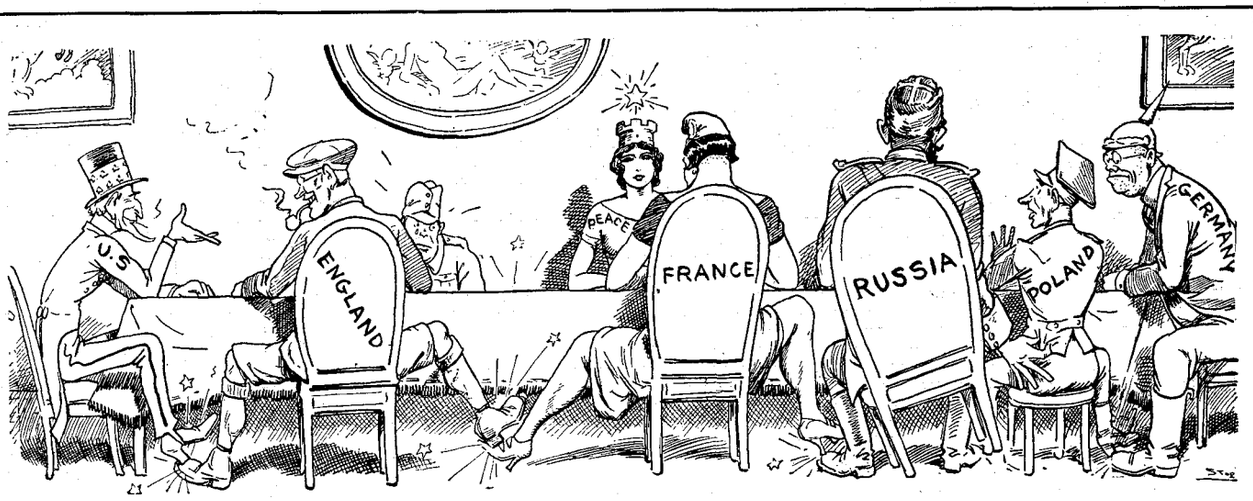
Another Japanese journal, the Tokyo *Chuo*, alludes to a rumor that Brazil means to undertake the organization of a "League of Nations for the Americas," and while it confesses it has no reliable information on the reported project, it believes that Brazil's intention seems to be to destroy the League at Geneva. If a League of Nations were organized for the Americas and Asia, independently of that for Europe, so that each might seek means to bring about world peace, the *Chuo* feels that it would prepare the way for the forming of a Universal League of Nations. We read then:

"If this be the objective of Brazil, it will be hailed with delight and enthusiasm, but the organization of a League of Nations for the Americas is a great question. There is a movement called the Pan-American Union, but its purpose is to improve friendly relations among the States of the Americas. It has no force in international politics.

"For the purpose of a League of Nations for both North and South America, the United States is too influential, it appears to us. Her power and authority stand very much in the way of the realization of the alleged movement, which will be, it is not unlikely, made an instrument of the United States.

"Brazil insisted that she had to be made a permanent Councilor at Geneva, or else no others should be given that honor. She may have good reasons for her desertion. However, we shall desist from such an argument, but advise the League of Nations to persuade Brazil to reconsider her resolution."

The Tokyo *Hochi* says acridly that even before Brazil's "desertion" the worth and dignity of the League had been greatly doubted and "it has frequently been cynically questioned whether it is the League of Nations for Europe or for the world." As the Tokyo *Jiji* sees it, Brazil's determination makes it necessary to consider the fundamental reorganization of the League and it declares that "Brazil must not be regarded as egoistic, for she was ready to give up her honor of a permanent councilorship on behalf of the United States in the event of their membership."



ITALIAN CYNICISM

"While they speak of peace above board at Geneva, under the table they constantly kick one another."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOMEN AS EMPIRE BUILDERS

TO RECONSTRUCT THE WORLD after war and to weld the Commonwealth of Nations is the purpose of Britain's persistent effort toward Empire settlement, we are told, and while some plans emphasize the need for men, they make only a passing reference to the need for women. A country can be colonized without women, it is noted, but when settlement begins, they are absolutely needed. At this time of unemployment, when Britain looks to the Dominions for a solution of the problem of the workless, it would be well to pay more attention to women as Empire builders, suggests a contributor to *The Empire Review* (London), who points out that while the women who are successful at home are not likely to emigrate, also those who still have to learn that they are not properly educated until they can use their hands as well as their heads should stay at home. But whatever their education or training, says this writer, E. F. Miller, the future of Britain's Empire depends most on the character of those who go, especially on the character of the mothers. The beneficent influence and tenderness of the thoughtful woman is required, and he adds that as wife, mother, sister, teacher, nurse, homemaker and inspirer of men, she is a power in Empire building. A man may devote his life to wheat-growing or sheep-farming, or to gold and diamond-digging, but woman must be "the many faceted diamond sparkling in the Crown of Empire," and Mr. Miller proceeds:

"Labor-saving devices are not to be expected in a new cabin, for farming is an expensive undertaking and homesteaders do not usually have money left over from the capital they put into their business. Vacuums may be purchased, but every man knows that the best labor-saving device is a capable wife about the house. In countries where all work, there is no stigma attached to domestic service. A woman trained in housewifery need not feel inferior, and she is always confident, but, in addition to reliable cookery, she should have a knowledge of dairying, poultry-keeping, and gardening. These are sometimes more important than housekeeping, for houses are simple affairs on farms.

"Steam-laundries do not exist in the outlying districts of Australia, so the girl who grumbled at blistering her hands over the polishing of a linen collar in a domestic-science class may one day be proud to send her colonial husband to a distant town wearing a well-laundered one.

"Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are clamoring for domestics. Women farmers are not prominent in any of the Dominions. Widows do carry on farms established by their deceased husbands, but a woman beginning needs capital and men to labor for her, besides a strong will and business ability. Nearer the towns she can become a fruit-grower or market-gardener. But, where farming is on such a large scale, women's work is chiefly in the house, except at harvest time, when they help outside. They can succeed in New Zealand as poultry-farmers, if they can find handy men to do carpentry. Bee-keeping, the growing of flowers and vegetables for the towns, and of seeds for Britain are less strenuous forms of money-making than those of Canada or Australia. Dairy farms are large and there is not much hope of employment in creameries, as there are too many factory workers already."

In South Africa life is easier for the settler because the rougher work is done by natives, and this informant advises us that there is some demand for kitchen superintendents, nurses and governesses and for wives, but he adds, warningly, "the climate has to be reckoned with." Of all professional women emigrants, nurses are the most needed, it appears, and the great expense of supplying district nurses in sparsely populated regions is said often to cause suffering and death among homesteaders too poor to pay. We read then:

"The only remedy is State assistance in time of sickness. In Canada, the nurse and teacher of a township sometimes live together, tho often the teacher's life is a solitary one. The inconveniences of isolation are sometimes of an embarrassing, if novel, kind. A young teacher once found herself in the awkward plight of having received her salary in such a large note that it could not be changed anywhere in the district; and, on another occasion, she lacked paper and had to ask the children to gather birch bark for her."

FASCISM EXPLAINED TO THE JAPANESE

THE ORGANIZATION OF FASCISM is compared to a pyramid by a Secretary of the Italian Embassy in Tokyo, who says its base and largest part is the bulk of the people and they support the apex, which is represented by the Prime Minister. The author of this definition is Cavaliere Antonio Cottafavi and it was given in the course of an address at the International Club in Tokyo before a group of Japanese young men to whom he spoke "as he would speak to young Italians." The sympathy he felt for the Japanese people, and especially for her studious and ambitious youth, he declared, convinced him that he might well forget his standing as a diplomat for the moment "in order to become again, if even only for a moment, a militant in the great idea which has saved Italy and which may also save the still turbulent parts of Europe." According to this Italian informant Fascism considers the individual as a "cell in the State" and as such a "cell" the individual must submit absolutely to the body of which it is a part, namely the State. As reported in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, Mr. Cottafavi added:

"Fascism does not tolerate strikers, nor lockouts of any sort. They are considered as crimes against the nation. Fascism considers labor, property, and capital as parts of society, part of the social structure which can not be neglected. Fascism is syndicalistic in structure and for the actual parliamentary institutes the syndicate will be substituted.

"The social basis of Fascism consists of the family, the monarchy, and the Catholic religion. Fascism considers the press as a mission for public good and freedom of the press only will be tolerated when persons who manage the newspapers have a strong sense of responsibility. Fascism does not believe that there is such a thing as liberty in the abstract sense, but it does believe that there are many concrete liberties which may be limited in the case of an individual for the good of the people, the nation.

"The organization of Fascism is like that of a powerful structure such as a pyramid. The base is the foundation, the largest part, and this is the bulk of the people who support the apex, which is represented by the Prime Minister. The brain of such a pyramid may only be at the top, just as a head may guide the body and not the feet, which have only the task of supporting the body. Thus, you see, Fascism is not a reactionary movement, but merely is control of the people and order."

According to this Italian champion of Fascism it is the first political doctrine which has given true self-consciousness not only to the intellectual classes but also and especially to the proletariat. It tells them their daily life is not only to earn a living, but so to live that their lives may be a part of the social scheme of things, which can not be neglected nor superseded by the mere question of pay, Mr. Cottafavi explained, and then went on:

"When you come to Europe, stop at Italy, which is the Japan of Europe. You have many things which have much in common with the same things in our country. The geological structure of your country is volcanic, as our country is and the old 'quake foxtrot' is well known by us all in both nations. Your geographic position in the Pacific is about the same as our position in the Mediterranean. The same problems of emigration unite us on the same situation. You have the sense of art and that esthetic sensibility which we have. You have a religion similar to ours. Your country is called the 'Garden of Asia' as ours is called the 'Garden of Europe.' Your poems are as sweet as ours and the romantic and dreaming sentiments are always in the affections of both the Japanese and Italian peoples. Every one of these and other things unite us. Nothing divides our nations.

"Let us look with sympathy to the Italy of the Black Shirts. Let us admire with benevolence this great social experience. Come to us and see how much good Fascism has done for the proletariat in Italy. The day will come in which other nations will have to come to the Fascist doctrine in order to save humanity from destruction. In short, be happy, you young people of Japan, in seeing that in Italy it is youth that is in the ascendency. Premier Mussolini is but forty years of age, and the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs is only thirty-three, which is my own age. Yet never has Italy been as prosperous as she is to-day, and never was she so well administered."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

LIGHTING THE NIGHT AIR MAIL

LONG-DISTANCE AIR-MAIL SERVICE in which planes must fly by night is now definitely a part of our postal establishment. This would be impossible, says Woodbridge E. Morris, writing in *Light* (Cleveland), without the progress in illumination that has been made in the past few years. He reminds us that the pilots now carry the mail from coast to coast inside of thirty-three hours, through heat and cold, rain or shine, storm and snow and even sleet, as long as it is physically possible to fly. He goes on:

"People think of it as a risky business. It is. But the service has been maintained now since July 1, 1925, with an average prompt delivery of about 93 per cent., and but two fatalities.

"Revolving beacons light the routes. Emergency fields are stationed every twelve miles from New York to Cleveland and every twenty-five miles west of that.

"The regular airports are equipped with floodlights like Easter lilies all over the hangars and buildings, red lights atop neighboring poles and barns, and boundary lights on the landing fields and taxi-strips.

"At the main airport, too, a 500,000,000-candle-power floodlight is mounted so as to throw maximum light on the field and none into the air.

"The planes are equipped with regular red and green navigation lights of 21 candle-power on their wing-tips, and ten-inch conical landing lights, corresponding to automobile headlights, on either wing. Also, two parachute flares are carried underneath the fuselage, to be released in case an emergency landing at night must be made.

"When 'sprung,' the 'chute' opens, the flare lights up three-quarters of a mile of territory and sinks slowly to the ground. They are built to last several minutes, and if released from a sufficient height will permit the pilot to pick out the likeliest looking field or open space, swoop under the flare, switch on his landing lights, and make a good landing provided he has correctly judged the wind direction.

"The flare has been used for years.

"The landing light was worked out for the air-mail service in 1923 at Nela Park by R. N. Falge, of the Nela laboratories. One lamp, with smooth, concentrated beam, is aimed practically level. The other has a lens which spreads the light through an angle of 30 degrees, and is tilted downward to illuminate the ground close to the plane after the pilot has leveled off to make his landing. Both are slightly 'wall-eyed,' as mail-planes do not permit vision straight ahead.

"'They're pretty essential, floodlight or no floodlight, in showing you where the ground actually is with relation to you,' said a pilot. 'That little spot of light following along with you acts as a kind of feeler.

"'I got in early, night before last. The hangars and red guard-lights were lit, of course, so that I had my proportions right, but the border lights and floodlight had not yet been turned on.

"'Knowing the field, I didn't wait, but came right down and landed, using just my landing lights. But I had estimated a bit short, and touched the ground just outside the boundaries. My headlight picked up a boundary light right ahead of me, and I had to hop it.'

"The pilot to whom flying is 'just a job' was asked if he had ever had any night 'experiences.'

"'Only once,' he replied. 'There was about 500 feet of fog on the Bellefonte field. I could see it when it was directly below me, but it didn't show up at all when I got off to one side to land.

"'I tried for it seven or eight times. Finally, I made it, but I ran clear across the field and into the fence the other side. Didn't hurt anything, though.'

"Another pilot was not so fortunate. The pilots fly high with the wind and low against it. On a black night, this man, heading against the wind over mountainous country, ran out of gas. He was perhaps 500 feet up, and used up 200 of it trying to get his motor started again.

"Failing, he dropt a flare. It revealed the rough, wooded hill-country, with a clear field close to a farmhouse and barns. He turned and made the field.

"But the barns were right ahead of him. Rather than crash into them at forty miles an hour or so, he swung short to the left. His plane turned over and 'cracked up,' but he was unhurt.

"Another pilot mentioned a forced night-landing he made where he had to 'hop' two fences before he lost his momentum. The mail-plane landing speed is about sixty miles per hour.

"'Did you ever confuse stars with land-light?' the men were asked.

"They smiled. 'Yes,' said a couple. 'Before you get the feel of night flying, when you are up in a low-visibility night, you can't always tell whether you're flying on a level and seeing stars or flying, balanced, in a curve, and seeing streetlights.'

"'What is it like when a searchlight is turned on you?'

"'You might almost as well shoot the pilot,' said a field man. Instructions have been given operators of a powerful advertising searchlight on the roof of a high bank building in Cleveland, Ohio, never to turn the light on a plane.

"'Why, when one of those lightning strokes of illumination hits him,' said Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flyer, 'it reflects back at him from wings, propeller, fuselage, struts and everything else. He feels as though he is sitting on a pinpoint out in limitless space. He is liable to lose control.'

"'It's mighty uncomfortable,' said the veteran pilot previously mentioned. 'I remember out in Portland some years ago we did stunts at night for a crowd, and operators of searchlights tried to keep us spotted.

"'We usually got away from them by quick turns or dives. But you wouldn't do it for fun very often.'

"'All you'd have to do would be to look somewhere else, or at your instrument board,' said two other pilots, interviewed separately. The man who considers his work 'the sort of job you get used to' observed, 'It wouldn't make any difference. You'd just fly straight ahead, trusting to your instruments and your flying sense. You wouldn't have to look at the light.'

"At the Wembley Exposition, England, last summer, a pageant was given purporting to represent the next war on London. Several planes simulated dropping bombs on the stage city. 'Spotted' by searchlights, they did nose-dives, looped the loop, and even performed spiral nose-dives without any discomfort. No accident was reported.

Photographs by courtesy of *Light* (Cleveland)

THIS IS NOT A CLOUD-RIFT ALONG THE HORIZON AFTER A STORM, BUT A NIGHT SCENE AT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'But when you fly through a thunder-shower at night and the lightning flashes so close in front of you that it seems to have gone right through your motor—believe me, then you *are* blind,' said the veteran. 'The concussion jolts your plane, and you can smell the lightning, and even taste it—a bitter, acrid taste.

"'And when the flash goes, you are left in blackness as complete as if there never had been a light in the world. For what seems like minutes on end, you are utterly blind.'

"No pilot enjoys 'flying it blind.' They may not mind flying at night. Moonlight makes everything as light as day, from the flyer's standpoint.

"But instruments as developed at present show compass points (except in a thunder-shower, when nothing remains normal), show how high you are from the ground (unless the barometer has changed since you last had your bearings), and show whether or not you are heading in a straight line.

"'The thing most needed to make emergency landing safe, aside from flares, is an adjustable and controllable searchlight,' said the veteran. If your lights could at first, from a height, be manipulated so as to pick out houses and barns, and could then be adjusted so as to throw a broad flood of light on the ground you are nearing, that would be just about ideal. Landing right is a matter of getting your proportions right.

"'There are a lot of things needed to make night flying as safe as day flying. The first is of course an absolutely reliable motor, coupled with better flying qualities of ships—better gliding angles, maneuverability and instruments.

"'Then you need a radio beacon system, to keep you on your course. The compass does not help record wind driftage when you're flying it blind, nor is there any way of being sure that you are not perfectly balanced yet flying in a slow curve.

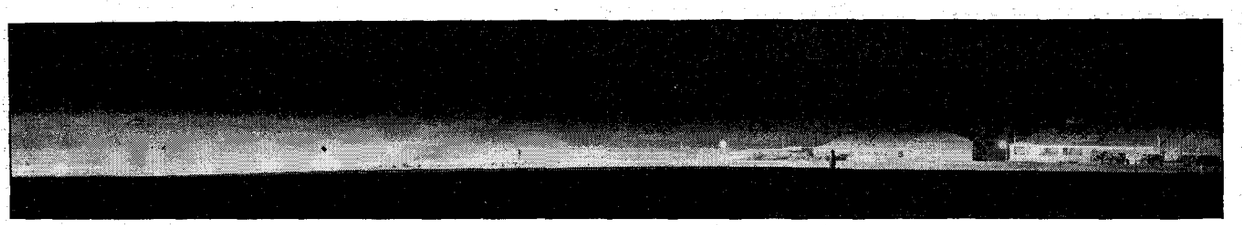
"'We now have a device to show change in direction. But it doesn't show how much. Nor does it tell your original direction.

"'Telephone communication with the ground would be the only other thing really necessary. That and more gasoline capacity, so that you can get away when necessary from bad local landing conditions.

"'Sleet-freezing on your plane is the one thing that no plane can resist. It will always be dangerous, I guess, unless some one develops a monoplane without wires and struts and with wings heated from within.

"'Well organized aerial weather service would help, giving ceilings, visibility, temperature, probable fogs and storms, and so forth.

"'Always, the closer your beacons are together on the routes, the safer it will be to fly.'"



HADLEY FIELD, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, SWEPT BY ITS 500,000,000 C. P. FLOODLIGHT

DEADLY NOISES—A "death-noise" instead of a "death-ray" was discust recently before the National Academy of Sciences by Prof. R. A. Wood and Alfred L. Loomis, of the Johns Hopkins University, we learn from *The American Journal of Pharmacy* (Philadelphia). Says this paper:

"The 'death-noise' would have been inaudible to human ears, but it consisted of sound-waves just the same, and it killed small fishes and other aquatic animals in vessels of water in less than a minute. The two researchers generated exceedingly high-frequency sound-waves by means of electrical apparatus. The waves were produced at a rate of from 100,000 to 400,000 to the second; the upper limit of audibility to human ears is between 20,000 and 30,000. If a beam of these sound-waves is directed toward the surface of the water, Professor Wood stated, the surface is heaped up in a mound. The vibrations heat the water, a rise of nearly six degrees Centigrade in one minute having been recorded."

WHAT IS INSANITY?

THE elementary facts concerning what is vaguely termed "insanity" are set forth in a recent bulletin of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. On no subject, says an editorial review in the New York *Sun*, is there greater or more wide-spread confusion; misconceptions and misunderstandings with regard to few other subjects lead to consequences more tragic. The writer of the editorial goes on:

"Popular ignorance in this case breeds popular neglect or concealment of divergences from accepted standards of mental normality, and this neglect or concealment may postpone until too late the informed treatment of originally easily remediable conditions that, uncorrected, develop into or induce chronic ailments beyond the present power of science to correct.

"Here is a brief catalog of 'Some Misconceptions That Still Linger' which is comprehensible to every intelligent adult:

"'That insanity comes suddenly.

"'That once insane always insane.

"'That insanity is a disgrace.

"'That insanity is an unfortunate visitation to be regarded with resignation and fatalism.

"'That mental disease is incurable.

"'That asylums for the insane are dreadul places and that admission rings down the curtain on the lives of the victims.

"'That emotional shock, the loss of dear ones, disappointment in love, economic loss and other misfortunes cause insanity.

"'That insanity is a specific disease entity.

"'That nobody can guard against mental disease.

"'That a person is either sane or insane.

"'That "nervous breakdown" is a disease of the nerves.'

"For the encouragement of sufferers from disease manifesting itself in mental disturbance, there should be set opposite these misconceptions 'What Science Is Teaching To-day':

"'That insanity develops gradually over shorter or longer periods of time.

"'That insanity is a condition no more to be ashamed of than pneumonia or a broken limb.

"'That insanity is mental disease and should receive medical attention, just as tuberculosis, cancer or other physical conditions.

"'That many persons with mental disease are being cured to-day and restored to health and normality.

"'That our asylums are being turned into hospitals in which the insane receive medical care and treatment, and from which between 25 and 40 per cent. are discharged recovered or improved.

"'That personal misfortunes and tragedies are frequently the precipitating causes of insanity, but that the accumulation of a variety of factors inherent in the progressive life experience of the individual is really responsible for unsettling mental balance and bringing on mental breakdowns.

"'That "insanity" is a convenient term used by the courts to denote irresponsibility in the eyes of the law, and that there are many different kinds of mental disorder just as there are many kinds of physical disorder.

"'That there are usually danger signals and symptoms of an approaching breakdown that can be recognized and medically dealt with.

"'That "nervous breakdown" is in reality a mental condition in which there is seldom anything organically wrong with the nervous system.'

"The simplicity of definition employed in these tabulations renders them particularly useful. They should relieve the fear of many persons and stimulate them to submit their cases to the study of qualified specialists by whom their ailments may be diagnosed and appropriate treatments prescribed."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW WRINKLES FOR CHINESE TOWNS

EVIDENTLY A TREATISE on municipal progress in China need not be quite like the celebrated chapter on "Snakes in Iceland," altho we see little of it in the daily press. Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, of St. Louis, recent library delegate to that country, contributes an article to *The American City Magazine* (New York), in which he notes some of the things that one may see to-day in typical Chinese towns. There was little in the old China, Dr. Bostwick notes, that corresponded to what we call municipal progress, and Chinese cities are still backward in this respect. The important thing in Chinese civilization is the family, and attention is apt to be concentrated on this to the neglect of the municipality and the larger government units. He writes:

"The family often lives within a walled area like a small city.

Copyrighted by E. M. Newman, Publishers Photo Service

A PALACE WITH PAGODA TRIMMINGS

Old and new China are suggested by this residence set in the midst of a lily-covered lagoon in Macao.

For what goes on outside the wall, the householder cares nothing. A dead animal, for instance, may lie on one side of his principal gate for days. He would do nothing toward having it removed, because nothing outside his own territory is a matter of concern to him. Whatever has been done in China toward better streets, public parks and playgrounds, water-works, sewerage and public educational facilities has been done by a slow change in the old Chinese ideas.

"At the so-called Treaty Ports, there are usually settlements of foreigners, originally made for purposes of shipping. These usually govern themselves; and, altho the Chinese are now strenuously objecting to this, the settlements have, in many cases, served as object lessons to them in civic spirit. In Hankow, for instance, that part of the Chinese city immediately adjacent to the foreign sections is not in any way distinguished from them, the streets being broad, well paved, filled with automobiles, and lined with stone structures several stories high.

"The existence of city walls everywhere in China makes possible the creation of great boulevards, precisely as was done in Paris, by the demolition of these walls. It would be a pity to see this done generally, because the walls, with their great bastions and gateways, are picturesque relics of antiquity. The plan has been completely carried out in Changsha, for instance, and the boulevard is a fine one, but, owing to the fact that all the other streets of the city are narrow, there are practically no automobiles and the boulevard is little used.

"At West Lake, Hangchow—which is like a beautiful Adirondack lake with a city of three-fourths of a million along one side, while on the other are mountains filled with ancient pagodas, tombs, temples and residences—there is a fine wide city boulevard extending the whole length of the lake and lined with large hotels and villas. The lake side of this boulevard has numerous public landings for pleasure boats.

"At one end of this boulevard is the only playground that I saw in China, but it is fully up to our standard. It borders the lake, which it utilizes for water sports, and includes a park building, containing a children's library of three thousand volumes on the upper floor, while on the lower are rooms devoted to the meetings of local societies.

"Peking is the one city in China where there have always been broad streets. These are the great avenues connecting the gates on opposite sides of the city, and there are a considerable number of them. No one knows why this departure from custom was originally made. It was probably due either to military considerations or to an effort to make the emperor's home city look like a great park, which, in fact, much of it is. Outside of these great avenues, the streets are narrow and winding, and they are called 'hutungs'—a designation used nowhere else in China.

"I found the old-fashioned Chinese cities much cleaner than I had expected, especially in the business streets. These narrow streets are paved with large heavy blocks of stone extending up to the walls of the buildings on either side and there is therefore no mud. There are also no draft animals, except an occasional donkey, so that the whole street is practically a footpath. This is continually washed by the rains, and what dust there is, is carried off into the canals."

It is not generally known, Dr. Bostwick remarks, that the police of Peking are now surpassed by no other police force in the world. The way in which traffic regulation is carried on is especially interesting. The police are uniformed like soldiers and carry rifles with fixt bayonets. They work in pairs, and the way in which they stand across the street is readily understood as a stop signal. When the traffic changes, they simply face about at right angles. He goes on:

"The streets in Peking are also sprinkled, but by a somewhat primitive method. Two men carry a tub of water and have long-handled coarse brushes. Setting the tub down, they dip the brush in the water and sprinkle it about as far as it will go, after which they move the tub and repeat the operation.

"The old Chinese cities had neither water-supply nor sewerage. These are being introduced to a very limited extent, but water and refuse are still in most cases being carried through the streets by coolies in large receptacles. The city refuse is used as fertilizer on the adjacent farms, and to dispose of it as we do by carrying it into a river through sewers would be considered the most extravagant kind of waste.

"Almost all Chinese cities are now a blaze of light at night. The electric light has simply conquered the Orient. No Chinese shopkeeper, however small his shop or how limited his business, can do without it. The result is that when the shop fronts are down in summer, the ride through the narrow streets in a jinrikisha after dark furnishes the most striking and wonderful Oriental pageant that is possible.

"The telephone is almost universal and well administered. In our Chinese settlements, as in San Francisco, we require telephone attendants to know both Chinese and English; but even in Peking, where there are so many foreigners, no language but Chinese is understood in the telephone centrals. Foreigners who speak no Chinese must therefore use their servants in telephoning until the connection is made.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIZE HOT WEATHER HINTS

WHAT IS THE BEST WAY to keep cool in hot weather? This question was recently propounded by *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York) with an offer of prizes for useful and ingenious answers, in the belief that out of the thousands who swelter in the summer-time there must be some who had found a way to beat the thermometer. This magazine now reports that from deserts and baking prairies and ordinary towns have come hundreds of letters offering breezes of comfort. The following awards are reported, with the hints for which they were given:

"John L. Ginster, of Whitesboro, New York, wins the first prize for the best practical hint with the following suggestion: 'A hot shower-bath followed by a hot drink, taken during the hottest part of the day.' This, he says, he has learned from experience gives immediate relief.

"In his surprizing method of obtaining coolness through heat, he is backed by science. The hot bath cleanses and opens the pores of the skin; the warm drink induces perspiration, which also cools off the body. The chief business of the skin, physiologists tell us, is not to throw off poison but to regulate the temperature of the body. The pores, opening and closing, are the doors through which the body heat must escape. Heat opens them; cold closes them. Plunge into a tub of very cold water and the pores close tight, shutting in the heat, with the result that after your bath you feel hotter than ever. Warm water has the opposite effect, opening the pores wide and letting the heat escape.

"The hot drink helps in causing perspiration, which cools you through evaporation. Much depends on the humidity of the air about you. If you are suffering from *dry* heat, the more you perspire the better, for the dry air will take up the moisture from your skin. If the air is moist, already saturated with water, perspiration drops will remain on the skin surface and feel uncomfortable. Most regions in the United States, however, have low humidity in the summer-time so that the drink, Mr. Ginster explains, is a good addition.

"A second suggestion offered by many has close connection to this idea of letting the body heat escape. This is to reduce the amount of heat in the body that has to be let out. You can do this by avoiding heat-producing foods.

"Mrs. L. S. Oliver, of Maywood, Illinois, makes her suggestions concrete. 'Eat oranges, grapefruit, and the seasonable fruits,' she urges, 'nonstarchy vegetables and raw vegetable salads. Eat lightly of meats, breads, and potatoes, and very lightly of cakes, pies, and candies. Our household has tried this method of keeping cool for several years and found it good. My husband, who is eighty-two years old, stands hot weather far better than those around us.'

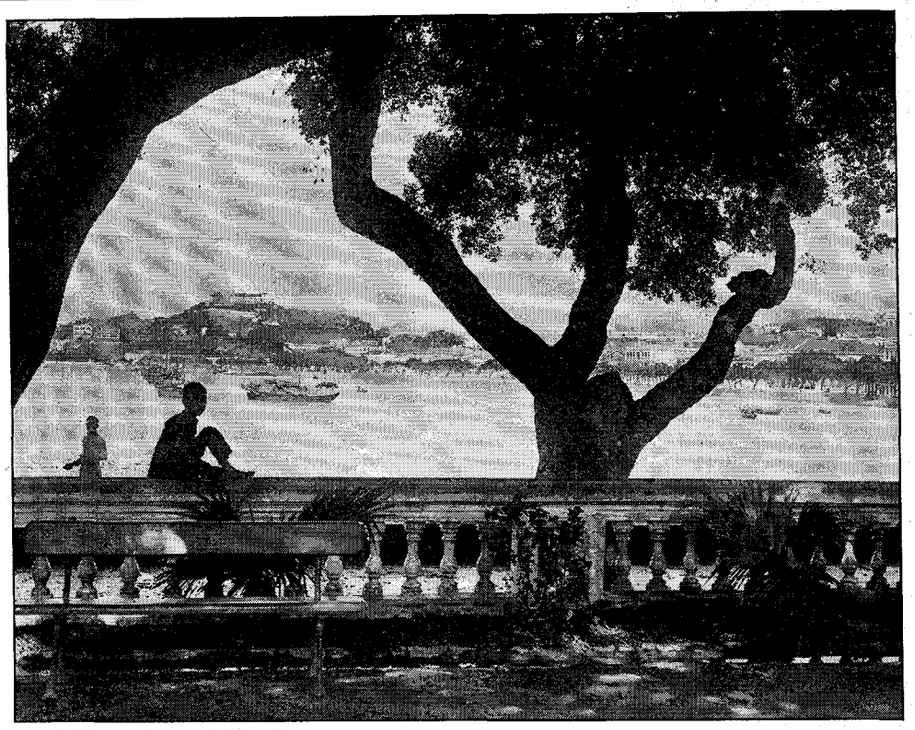
"In hot weather, vegetables and fruits should march at the head of the procession, for of all the kinds of fuel with which we stoke our bodies these produce least heat. Meats keep our body stoves roaring. Sugar, giving us heat in winter, is no friend in summer.

"Sweet drinks are one of the foods to be avoided. A single ice-cream soda, dietitians point out, often contains as many calories as a whole meal of meat, vegetables, and bread.

"'Wear cool clothing,' is the next suggestion, meaning clothes that are light in color, loose in weave and worn loosely to permit free circulation of air.

"Ken Prince, of Gooding, Idaho, says, 'It is a well-known fact that light-colored goods reflect the sun's rays while the dark colors absorb them. Wear white, or light colors, to keep cool. Woolen goods form an air space which holds the heat in and cold out. Vegetable fibers such as linen and cotton let the air in and out more freely.'

"The weave of cloth makes even more difference than the color, for loosely woven cloths permit better circulation of air, which is the chief secret of coolness. To carry off body heat and perspiration, air must move between the clothing and the skin. As soon as the layer of air next the skin has taken up all the heat and moisture that it can hold, it should be pushed on and replaced by another layer of fresh air. Enough clothing to protect the skin from the heat rays of the sun, touching the skin as little as possible, is the ideal formula. Arabs who live on the desert keep comfortable by wearing a single garment of smooth white cotton so that air circulates constantly over the surface of their skin. A suit of short cotton underclothing, covered by a loose white cotton shirt and trousers, is probably the coolest European costume."



Copyrighted by E M. Newman Publishers Photo Service.

FAIR WEATHER "SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ"

A glimpse of Macao, China, framed by the trees of its beautiful water-front.

One suggestion is to cool the blood by holding the wrists under the cold water faucet and letting water run over them for three or four minutes. This is the favorite practise of several contributors. If you want to take a comfortable nap in hot weather, Mrs. E. F. Fitch of Jacksonville, Florida, advises: "Use a water-bag filled with cold faucet water for a pillow. Ice water is too cold." Another group of hints tells how to cool off your body by cooling off your surroundings. Since heat will leave your body only if the temperature of your surroundings is lower than your temperature, this is extremely important. To quote further:

"Late discoveries in ventilation show that comfort comes not so much from lowering the temperature in a house as in keeping the air moving. Many told of unusual ways in which they put their electric fans to work.

"'Instead of churning up the warm air inside with an electric fan,' Charles Shepard Tuller, of New Orleans, says, 'I put a shelf outside my bedroom window and put my sixteen-inch electric fan on it. This starts a cool typhoon blowing in through the screen. I have reduced the temperature of a room six degrees in one hour, and this cooling continues the longer the fan runs.'"

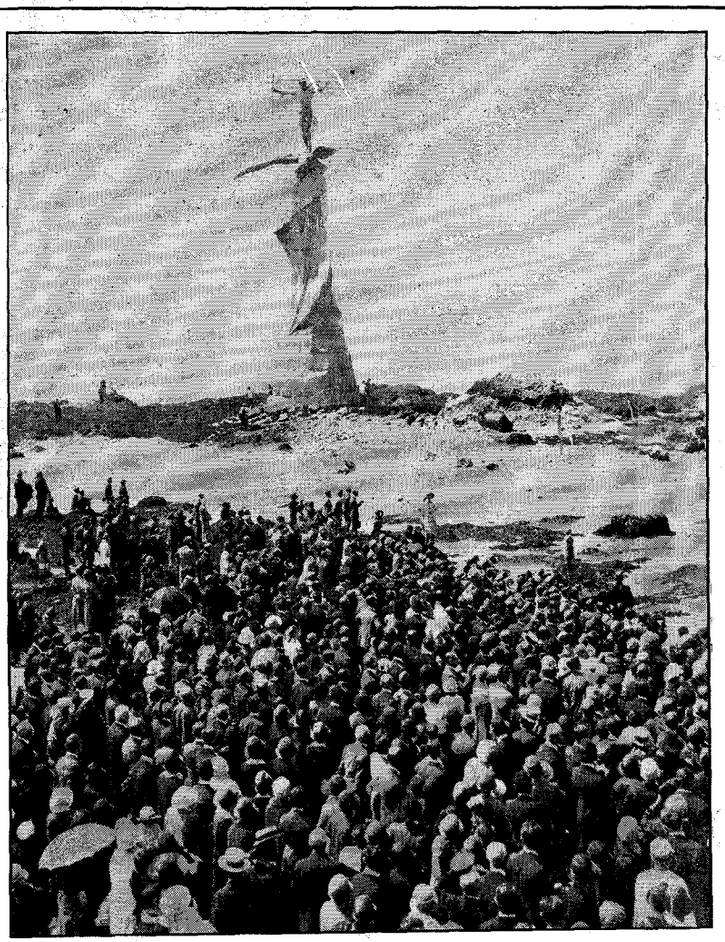
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AMERICA DEFENDS HER IDEALISM

AMERICAN IDEALISM seems to be discounted at such a rate in Europe to-day as to be practically non-existent. Yet at this lowest ebb the monument by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney unveiled at St. Nazaire, France, on June 26 and the speech of Ambassador Herrick on that occasion both make bold to reassert that quality as an actuating motive in American life. While the arguments of politicians over debt payments go on, the people at large are only left to guard the flame, hoping that a better understanding will some day restore some of the good feeling so lavishly bestowed when the American boys first landed on June 26, 1917, where the monument now stands. Mr. Herrick states the present-day position and asks if so great an about-face can occur in the life of a people in so short a time:



Wide World photograph

ON A SHORE IN FRANCE

Where the first American troops landed at St. Nazaire June 26, 1917. This monument commemorating the event was unveiled on this anniversary. Designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the monument was paid for by popular subscription under the auspices of the St. Nazaire Association.

"We were a few years ago hailed throughout Europe as leaders in the realm of idealism, pioneers in its application to world affairs; we have lately been proclaimed as materialists whose influence in the family of nations rests upon the assumption that we are the greatest present repository of the world's material power. The thoughtless accept both assertions; the discriminating reserve their judgment. But I often ask myself, and I ask you now, can it be true that if we have acquired the one, we have thereby forfeited all claims to the other!"

Answering himself in the negative, he declares that "the essential characteristics of a vigorous nation untouched by any catastrophe do not so quickly change"—continuing:

"If we were rash idealists in 1917, have we lost that attribute to-day? If rank materialists now, is it possible that a few years of praise from without and prosperity within have been able to effect this harsh reversal of our character? I find these exaggerations repulsive intellectually and harmful practically.

"As a nation we have always been introspective, constantly critical of our own faults, eager to know the judgments of others. We are keenly sensitive to praise or blame, but we are far less penetrated with an invincible self-satisfaction than might appear from reading the flamboyant pronouncements of syndicated writers earning a profitable popularity with those who don't reflect.

"There are people who have taken advantage of the peculiarities of our psychology to sow doubt in our own as well as in others' minds regarding our intentions when we entered the war. The American's capacity for willing self-sacrifice in any cause he holds dear was not suddenly born in 1917; it has been his dominant characteristic for at least two hundred years. It is as much alive in our people to-day as it was when we declared war.

"Very soon after the great European struggle started, our people began to comprehend what was happening on this side of the water. Through the blaze of passion and the clouds of deception, the every-day American soon perceived what was at stake upon the battle-fields of France; he saw that human liberty and elementary justice were hanging in the balance and from the very start he had but one fixt idea, and that was to take off his coat in his own good homely fashion and enjoy the satisfaction of striking a blow in defense of common decency. That he would also be coming to the rescue of an old and valued friend added the force of gratitude to indignation. Whether it was to his personal interest or not he little cared; whether his country would be weakened or fortified by it, he bothered not to consider; a fight was on that stirred every fine instinct inherited from his sturdy ancestors, and all his soul was in the conflict.

"It is high time then that a fiction which arose through the gratitude of our Allies and became fixt by repetition, be cleared from the European mind—I mean the fiction that our unwilling people had to be adroitly inflamed to self-forgetfulness and lasht into action by much repeated insult before they could be made ready to stand behind a Government long since anxious to act. It is not true, and it is unfair to that American idealism of which my countrymen are sanely proud, unfair to our sturdy sense of right and wrong, a slur upon all the dead who fell in the Revolution and the Civil War as well as those of yesterday, to allow this dangerous theory to go unanswered, undenied.

"It is hard enough for any country to understand a near-by neighbor, it is more difficult still for Europeans to comprehend far-off America. We have at various times encountered their cold indifference, suffered from their lack of esteem, appreciated their enthusiasm, been happy in their praise, refused to resent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their abuse. We acknowledge many of the mistakes which they lay at our door, but we have a right to inquire whether they were made with the desire to injure or humiliate other nations; we acknowledge that our faults may be numerous, but I find that as yet no one has suffered from them but ourselves."

The answer for Europeans may be found in our history, and to this Mr. Herrick asks of them a respectful consideration:

"Americans now ask only that those who wish to judge us, if they can not come and study us at home, at least take the trouble to search the history of our international conduct in the last 150 years. If during all that time they find we have been selfish, mean or grasping; a bad neighbor or a lukewarm friend; if we have cringed before the strong or ravished the weak, then confidence in our purposes is misplaced, and the faith we demand in our intentions must be refused; then indeed the American soldiers who landed at St. Nazaire, at Lorient and Bordeaux had better have stayed at home.

"I do not believe that the verdict of history will be rendered in this sense. We look all other peoples to-day squarely and frankly in the face; proud of an unblemished record of fair dealing with all nations in the past, and calmly determined to continue this course in the future, we say to them as Byron said to Tom Moore:

"'Here's a tear for those
that love me
And a smile for those
that hate,
And whatever sky's
above me
Here's a heart for any
fate.'"

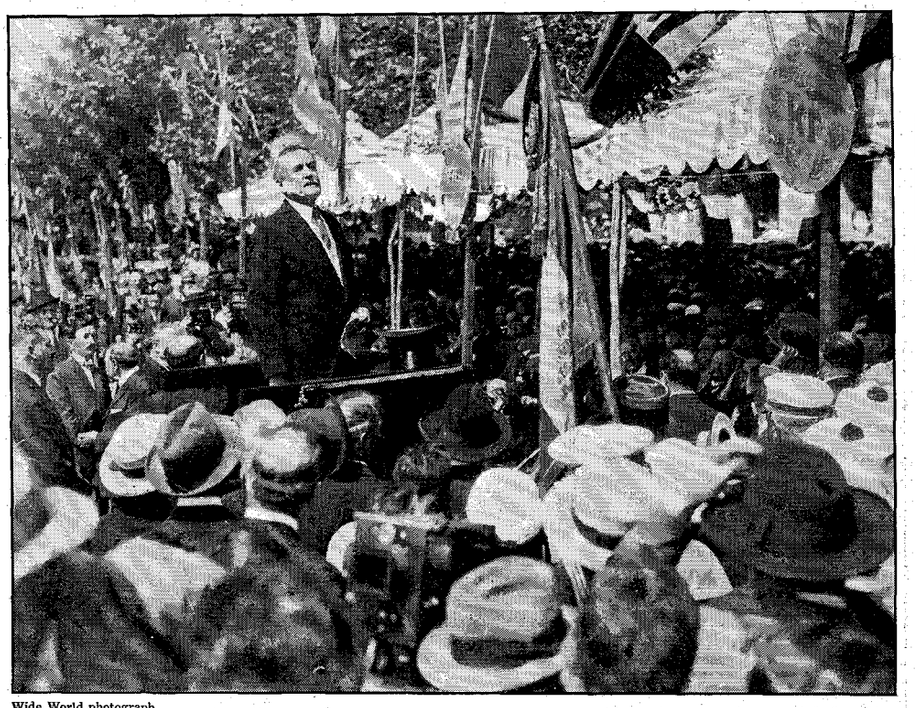
Mr. Herrick recalls to mind the inquiring soul of "Little Peterkin" in the old ballad, but he finds an answer to little America's queries:

"The division which landed at St. Nazaire was soon followed by others, and a year later the American Army in France amounted to two million men, while two million more were in training at home. The children of these men are now, many of them, at the age when they ask innumerable and pointed questions and when widowed mothers are telling them how their father fought in the Argonne or along the Marne, you can almost hear them ask with a child's directness, 'Mother, why did my father go to France?'

"To me the answer to this simple question ever remains a matter of the gravest import, not only for us Americans, but for the civilized world. Our common victory on the battlefield was obtained by physical forces operating against a material strength almost as great; but the decision of battle in our favor of itself would lose its full moral significance had our intentions not been honest and our cause supremely just; and it is of the utmost moment that we continually take steps to see that the facts are comprehended by all people, including our own and our former enemies. Nobody else can perform this duty for us; it is ours and ours alone."

General Pershing, present on the same occasion, said:

"I wish to express my personal and special tribute to the people of St. Nazaire for the part they played in bringing the war to a victorious conclusion. I know what they endured. They could scarcely call their souls or their homes their own, for they never knew when they would be asked to move across the street to a neighbor's to make room for the American troops. Every spare foot of the docks was taken up by the United States. I never liked to stay here long, because I felt I couldn't look you in the face."



Wide World photograph

"IT IS DIFFICULT FOR EUROPEANS TO COMPREHEND FAR-OFF AMERICA"

Said Ambassador Herrick in reasserting our idealism at the unveiling of the memorial, designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, at St. Nazaire, where American troops first landed.

JERITZA AND MELBA

JERITZA HAS CAUGHT ON IN LONDON. She has been singing her second season there and her success is probably as great as she achieves here. This London season has also brought about the final operatic appearance of Melba, and a good opportunity is offered to compare the setting and the rising star, which is seized by the critic of the *Saturday Review*, who also gives by implication a hint as to the change in musical taste evinced by English operatic audiences. First as to Melba, wherein we see some judgments about the singers of yesterday that coincide with those recently exprest by our own Mr. Henderson of the *Herald Tribune:*

"Melba's has been a triumphant career, and her triumphs have been due to the physical endowment of that lovely voice. She was never a great actress, hardly even a great singer, in the sense that she could color her voice with subtle shades of emotional expression. So it was in the secondary rôles that she shone most brightly. In 'Bohême,' in 'Romeo and Juliet,' in 'Faust' and in the early operas of Verdi she was unsurpassed. I never heard her in an opera by Mozart, but, to judge from her performance of various airs, I should say that she was not a great Mozart singer. Indeed *Desdemona* was her only real success in a great masterpiece.

"Melba was, indeed, unique. But she was also the last fine bloom on the old tree of Italian operatic tradition. The singers of her class relied exclusively upon singing; acting with them was a minor consideration, and so long as they produced lovely sounds we could be content to listen enchanted. Owing to the revolution in operatic methods effected by Wagner and to the dramatic *verismo* of the Italian composers since his day, a new ideal has sprung up and the dramatic soprano has almost ousted her lyrical sister (or should I say aunt?) from the stage. Sometimes—for instance, in Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Schumann and Maria Ivogün—we get a rare combination of the two qualities. But the emphasis is generally on the acting. A supreme example of the new manner is to be seen in the performances of Jeritza."

This singer has become so firmly established with us that critical judgment is often left in abeyance. Such judgment as the following may lead to some heart searchings:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Melba achieved her effects with apparent ease; the voice just sang on with all the freedom of a nightingale, whatever may have been the hard work and routine of exercises that went to make it possible. Jeritza works hard enough, but we see the works going round before our eyes. Her careful calculation of pose and gesture, which have been reduced to a mechanical process, deprive us of any possibility of believing in the characters she enacts. We can believe in Leider's *Isolde* and *Brünnhilde*, because, altho she has her mannerisms of gesture, she lives her parts intensely with all the force of her compelling personality. Jeritza's meretricious acting has no such force behind it to make it convincing. She has, indeed, a magnificent voice. Its power is tremendous and its softer tones are sweet, but she is forever distracting our attention from its beauty by her obvious preoccupation with the hang of her beautiful gowns, the movements of her beautiful arms and the exact poise of her beautiful head. Moreover, this preoccupation and her overwhelming desire to create effect and always effect detracts from the purity of her singing. In 'Thaïs' she was frequently some way off the true note, and her scoops and slurs were a sad descent from the high standard of style in singing which had been set earlier in the season. Yet all this was not merely accepted but welcomed with the same rapturous enthusiasm which in the past has been accorded to such artists as Destinn and Leider."

Jeritza seems to have made a similar impression on W. J. Turner, critic of *The Illustrated London News*, who is, however, less severe on the London audience:

"The appearance of Mme. Jeritza as *Sieglinde* in a single performance of 'Walküre' and in the title rôle of 'Thaïs' was eagerly expected. This remarkable singer is a woman of commanding appearance and personality. She is not a great artist in the sense that Lotte Lehmann is a great artist. She has not the finished technique, the subtle musical instinct, and the conscious musicianship. Nor has she the perfect production of a Melba. But she has a magnificent robust voice, which she produces easily and uses effectively, and she has a magnificent presence. As *Sieglinde* she was as beautiful and impressive as one could wish, but she was not Wagner's *Sieglinde*, and her audacity and violence were out of place in *Hunding's* wife. Also Mme. Jeritza does not easily adapt herself to the newer and more artistic methods of team-work. She belongs to the older school of the star-performer who must always be taking the center of the stage and attracting the limelight. It was natural, therefore, that the rôle of *Thaïs* should suit her better than that of *Sieglinde*, because 'Thaïs' is not a genuine work of art demanding the conscientious self-effacement of the individual personalities of the performers; it is a mere stage-piece cleverly concocted to meet the popular taste of the Parisian audiences of the 'nineties, who were very little changed from those audiences of the 'sixties who hissed 'Tannhäuser' and demanded of an opera that it should, above all, include a good ballet. There is a ballet in 'Thaïs,' but it is not a good ballet. Our standards in this respect have also risen, and a public which is familiar with Diaghileff's Russian Ballet is not likely to be attracted by the conventional opera ballet."

Mr. Turner speaks of Melba in connection with the ideals of singing that prevail to-day:

"When one reflects that Melba is somewhere about seventy years of age, and that it is nearly forty years since her first appearance at Covent Garden, and that she was already a married woman before she left her native country, Australia, to come to study in Paris, one may well be astonished that so much remains of that crystal purity and marvelous evenness of tone. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable voices that have been heard, and that Melba still retains so much of it is largely due to the fact that she has never strained it. She has probably never sung louder than mezzoforte in her life, and she has earned the reward of that admirable restraint.

"Would that the bawlers and shouters who call themselves singers, and travel up and down this country yelling hideously at mammoth festivals and all kinds of concerts, might learn something from Melba, who still, at the age of seventy gives one infinitely more pleasure than any of our other singers can! But Melba has been singing for a lifetime, and still her admirable example is ignored, and I suppose will continue to be ignored until a determined and ruthless generation of musical critics sets out to raise the standard of singing in this country."

PICKING THE "TWELVE IMMORTALS"

IF IT WAS KIPLING'S NEWSPAPER SENSE that stirred him to set going guesses about twelve immortal authors he chose the right season when such themes compete with tales of sea serpents. Immortality, of course, is neither here nor there: not here because we have the future to count; and not there because we have to consider the mutations of taste. So Kipling kept his "twelve" to himself and no inquisitive newspapers have been able to drag them out of him since. What he is reported to have said was that "Quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past 2,500 years." And as he was thanking the Royal Society of Literature for giving him a gold medal, it may not have been beyond a spirit of mischievousness in him to suggest that their gift was well bestowed. However, we have all set to work guessing the "twelve." The New York *Herald Tribune* sent out a distress call for help from such of our literary lights as commonly figure in symposia, and they, obeying the call, immediately wrote down the names of the old and unread, for whom Sir John Lubbock first devised a means of saving from utter oblivion. One among the number could not be confined to twelve and reeled off fifty with the boast that he "could name not twelve but twenty times twelve," which only goes to show that these immortals all bring along their contemporaries to share what we are trying to attribute to them alone. The Newark *Evening News* has a biting comment on the matter of such guesses:

"Truly, no man knows his own worth in the judgment of posterity. It is well that he does not. It is well that he believes that his work is great and that it will be immortal. Else he will not achieve any measure of greatness. Beneath the surface of his modesty, however sincere, there is always a confident consciousness of perfection. That is inspiration.

"The literary craftsman who is writing not merely in response to an urge for self-expression, but in pursuit of a practical means of livelihood, is guided usually by a sincere devotion to a standard. There are some such craftsmen who write with their tongues in their cheeks, knowing that what they produce is poor stuff. But it sells. It keeps the fire crackling under the pot. They are mere journeymen, not artists.

"Kipling has been both journeyman and artist in all his work. He has well deserved the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, and it was suitable that it should be bestowed upon him at the centennial meeting of that organization. There are many who believe that his work will be immortal, that it will stand the test of time, that it will perhaps finally range him among the dozen of great achievement in 2,500 years. But no one now living will be here, save in some reincarnation, and then probably without memory of this life, to participate in the ultimate judgment."

It would take too long to quote all the *Herald Tribune's* contributors to the guess, and would be invidious to quote only one. *The Independent* (Boston) saves us by submitting a list that fairly summarizes all the guesses:

"In presenting the following list of candidates, our judgment is perhaps warped in favor of those who wrote in English or who have been most felicitously translated into English. Moreover, the selection is necessarily confined to the Eastern world because of incapacity to judge the notable works of Persia, India, China, and Japan.

"Within these limitations we submit, with all possible modesty, these twelve names for the consideration of our readers:

Homer	Shakespeare
Æschylus	Milton
Sophocles	Goethe
Vergil	Fielding
Dante	Balzac
Chaucer	Dostoievsky

"Not an American among them; in fact, the only American candidates seriously considered were Emerson and Whitman, but these, upon reflection, went the way of Pindar, Euripides, Molière, Flaubert, Dickens, and Tolstoy.

"And not a woman! Even the most ardent feminist could consider only Sappho, with Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, and George Eliot well down the slope of immortal fame."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. P. A. in *The World's* "Conning Tower" has a humorous comment on the proceeding:

"Well, there may be, as Mr. Kipling said, only a dozen writers in 2500 years who have attained immortality; but there is not one person in a million years who ever will attain it by trying to name the dozen Kipling meant, or the dozen they would like people to think they think are the immortalest.

"Always in such a list appear names like Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, and Pindar. And if we were a reporter we'd ask every namer to qualify by asking him which of the works of any of these writers he likes best, which of them he has been reading lately, and to name two things that any of them has written.

"What dozen namers of the Dozen Immortal Writers would you take to a desert island? And then run like everything."

"THE HEAD OF JOVE HIMSELF"

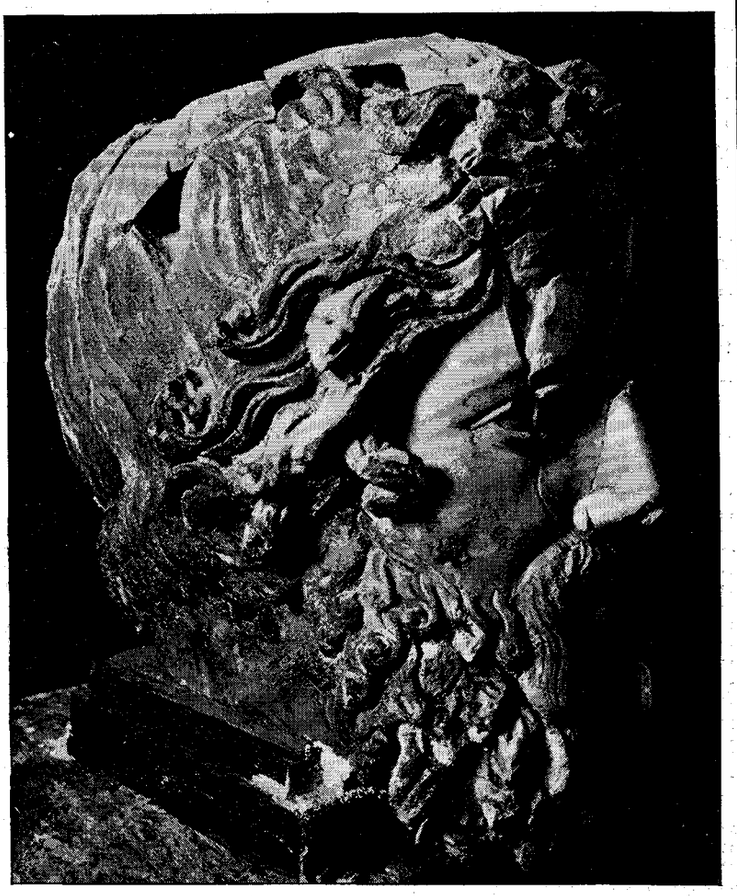
THE EARTH GIVES UP its buried art at an astonishing rate. It is not enough that no longer ago than April, Pompeii should yield a statue of a youth attributed to Phidias (shown in our issue for April 17) but now in Cyrene, on the shores of Africa about opposite Crete, there come to light fragments of a colossal head which is believed to be no less than that of the Olympian Zeus, and also by the great Phidias. If this be so, the world possesses at last a replica of the lost masterpiece of Phidias in the temple of Zeus at Olympia. Described by the *Illustrated London News* the find came about in this way:

"The great excavations carried on by the Italian Department for Colonial Affairs at Cyrene have lately brought to light a wonderful Græco-Roman reproduction of the head of the celebrated statue of the Olympian Zeus of Phidias. Of this miracle of ancient sculpture—the grandest production of the grandest Greek artist—nothing had been handed down to us but the descriptions of Pausanias and others, the unanimous admiration of the ancient world, and a representation on some Elean coins, chiefly on a silver one now in the British Museum. The Olympian statue was of colossal size, over 40 feet high, altho seated, and was wrought entirely in gold and ivory on a throne of ebony enriched with enameled colors. The head was singularly powerful, and the face majestic, but calm and serene. These characteristics are to be seen almost identically in the Cyrenæan copy. This epoch-making discovery is due to the distinguished Roman archeologist, Dr. Giacomo Guidi, the new Inspector of Antiquities in Cyrenaica, who, excavating the courtyard of the so-called Great Temple, facing the Acropolis, collected hundreds of small fragments, which might easily have escaped the attention of a common explorer. Piecing them together with marvelous patience, he produced an almost entire reconstruction of the magnificent head. Further excavations may bring to light not only the minute pieces still wanting, but also the remains of the body. An inscription unearthed by Dr. Guidi among the remains of the hitherto nameless temple confirms the attribution of the statue, stating that this was the great temple erected by the city to the Olympian Zeus."

A few additional facts are given in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which signalizes the event in an editorial:

"The excavations at Cyrene which have been carried on for so long have just brought to light fragments of a statue which, if it can be authenticated, will be of the greatest interest to students of art and archeology. This is no less than a head of Zeus which it is believed is a replica of the famous statue by Phidias which was set up in the temple at Olympia. This statue was an enormous work, executed in gold and ivory over a core of wood, the ivory simulating flesh, the gold, draperies, but, like almost all the work of the great sculptor, it has completely disappeared, a fact which makes the recent discovery of even more importance. Phidias's two greatest works were his Zeus at Olympia and his Athene at Athens, nothing of which remains but their fame, some pictures of them on coins, a few indifferent copies and written descriptions. Pausanias described the ivory-and-gold Zeus, an enormous seated figure, in his Guide Book to Greece.

"Cyrene, with its wonderful climate, sheltered by mountains in the south from the scorching winds from the Sahara and having cool sea breezes blowing in from the north, was a city already famous and flourishing in the time of the Roman Empire. Its extensive ruins still attest its former magnificence. The remains of a great temple have been found, dedicated to the Olympian Zeus, and it was among these ruins that the pedestal and fragments of a gigantic head were unearthed. If this should prove to be a genuine copy of the Phidias Zeus we shall have for the first time an idea of what the original really looked like."



RECOVERED FROM HUNDREDS OF FRAGMENTS

Head of the Olympian Zeus by Phidias found at Cyrene, hitherto only known since the classic ages in description by Pausanias.

Restoration as well as discovery is much in the air to-day. Alexander Philadelpheus, a noted Greek archeologist, is making vigorous efforts to have some of the Elgin marbles brought back to Athens from the British Museum where they were deposited by Lord Elgin at the beginning of the last century. In press dispatches we read:

"Lord Byron once called down the curse of Minerva upon the head of Lord Elgin for taking the marbles. Mr. Philadelpheus is eager that at least the missing caryatid and the corner column of Justice of Erechtheion shall be returned, both as an act of fairness and an architectural necessity. Even in Lord Elgin's time there was a legend, which was embodied in the historical play, 'Nereid of the Castle,' that the remaining caryatids, princesses turned to stone, wailed loudly at night for their lost sister, unhappy in the gloom of London and longing for the sunny Grecian sky."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

MEXICO'S WAR ON CATHOLICS

MEXICAN CATHOLICS "are gagged, bound hand and foot and reduced to political impotence," according to a Catholic critic, by President Calles's decree putting into effect the drastic religious laws of the new Constitution and imposing heavy penalties for their violation. The decree has raised a storm of censure and protest among Catholics in the United States and has moved Pope Pius XI to summon the Catholics of all the world to special prayer on August 1 for the cessation of what is termed Mexico's persecution of the Catholic Church and for forgiveness of the persecutors. The new law, which under the terms of the decree, goes into effect on July 31, provides that only native Mexicans may officiate in any religious service or ceremony, forbids religious corporations to conduct educational institutions and requires that instruction in the official schools and in the elementary, primary and higher branches of private schools shall be non-sectarian; dissolves monastic orders, forbids criticism of the Government by clergymen or religious publications, deprives religious orders of the right to possess or administer property or capital, and nationalizes the churches; forbids all religious acts of worship outside the churches, and prohibits clergy from wearing distinctive garb or badges outside the churches. Penalties are provided for every violation.

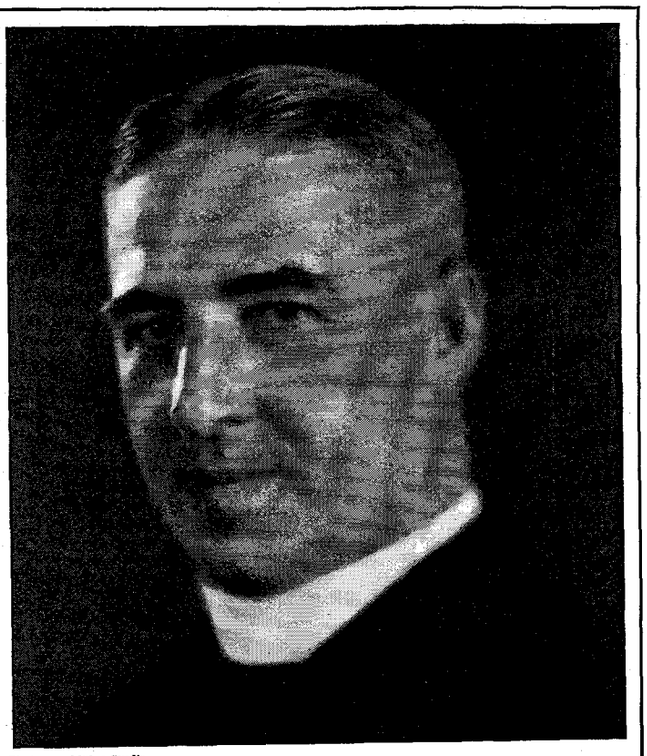


Photo by Phillips Studio

DRIVEN OUT OF MEXICO

Archbishop Caruana, Apostolic Delegate, whose expulsion from Mexico, on top of the drastic restrictions of the Catholic Church there, moves Pope Pius to summon the Catholic world to pray for divine intercession.

These drastic regulations have been both denounced and defended in Mexico—denounced as a complete denial of the right to worship God according to one's faith and of the right to give religious training to children, and defended as a means of keeping the Catholic Church out of politics and limiting its priests to strictly religious duties. In taking cognizance of the Mexican Government's action and calling on all Catholics to unite in prayer, Pope Pius XI denounces the restrictions in vehement terms. August 1 is chosen as the date for prayer because, we are told, it is the festival of St. Peter-in-Chains, in whose name the faithful in the time of early persecutions prayed to obtain divine intervention. The Pope's letter recites that the Holy See "continues its reserve on the grave news of the grievous treatment of the Church in Mexico, where, under hypocritical forms of pretended legality, those controlling the Government of this unhappy nation are carrying out true and real persecution against the Catholic religion," and goes on:

"It is not necessary to recall the grave and sorrowful facts daily multiplying in Mexico, since, while the emissaries of other religions are permitted the widest liberty, this liberty is denied to Catholics in a fashion which would dishonor any civilized people. The Mexican Government, in fact, not only refuses to permit the residence in Mexico of the Pontifical representative, but has gone so far as to expel the Apostolic Delegate, Monsigneur Caruana, alleging false and calumnious motives.

"Moreover, expulsions of prelates and foreign religious persons, even Sisters, are continuing in a fashion more inhumane than would be adopted even against the most vulgar malefactor. The number of domestic prelates and dioceses has been limited arbitrarily; colleges and seminaries have been closed, and conditions unacceptable to their conscience have been imposed upon them as preliminary to the exercise of their ministry. Churches from which prelates have been violently driven out have been occupied by the civil authorities on the pretense that they have been abandoned. . . .

"All these circumstances will undoubtedly have influence, in that the prayers of the faithful for the cessation of the persecution and the pardon of the guilty, will be more fervid and will be accepted by God. The Pontiff has provided that these intentions be added to the others in the bull which extends the holy year to the whole world."

Mexican Catholics are reported to be very bitter against the new laws, and it is said that they will refuse to support the churches if they become nationalized. According to a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Times*, Manuel de Lapeza, acting head of the Knights of Columbus, declares the decree violates the Constitution of the country and asserts that not only the Catholic people "object to the persecution, but other intelligent people are forced to protest against such a severe attack, which, if directed against the Catholics, is also directed against other religions." In an interview with *El Universel* Signor de Lapeza pays high tribute to the treatment of Catholics in the United States, but to be a Catholic in Mexico, he says, is considered a crime meriting severe penalties. "We believe," he continues, "that true Catholics, worthy of the name, instead of submitting to the situation in which we have been placed, will work with more enthusiasm to preserve their liberty of conscience to accept the teachings of the Church and its priests." At home, we find former Judge Alfred J. Talley, of New York, chairman of the Committee on Catholic Interests of the Catholic Club, renewing the demand that the United States withdraw recognition of Mexico and brand her as an outlaw among nations. President Calles, avers Judge Talley in a letter to the New York *Times*, "outdoes Russia in putting into force a system of religious persecution without parallel in recent times." Judge Talley excoriates President Calles's edict, and goes on, in part:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mexico is more than 90 per cent. Catholic. Such civilization as she has was brought to Mexico by the early missionaries and religious communities whose teaching and example brought her people from savagery to civilization.

"Our Government knows that under the pitiful guise of a republic, Mexico is to-day an absolute despotism made so by the tacit support and encouragement of the present Administration at Washington, whose silence and inactivity has been with justification construed by Calles as tolerance and acquiescence.

"It seems to me that the time has arrived for all Americans who believe in religious freedom, not only for themselves but for all peoples, to make known their sense of outrage and to demand that our Government declare that Mexico is unfit to be longer regarded as worthy to be included in the family of nations."

But in a letter to the Ogden *Standard-Examiner* Arturo M. Elias, Consul General of Mexico, writes:

"No teacher of the ethics of Jesus Christ has any need to fear opposition on the part of the Government of Mexico. Mexico is in no sense anti-religious, any more than is the United States, and yet the people of the United States have always been quick to resent the faintest approach to interference in their affairs by the officials or priests of any organized church. The fact that the Government of the United States has not been called upon to face the problem of interference with its affairs by prelates is solely due to the fact that the Church was entirely divorced from the State when the Government was founded. Mexico, on the contrary, found itself immediately after the adoption of its constitution in 1857 faced by the most violent opposition on the part of the church hierarchy in every attempt it made to improve the condition of its people and to democratize its government. The church problem has unfortunately remained with us, and will only be settled right when the hierarchy of the Church shows its willingness to content itself to move within its proper sphere in the life of the Mexican people."

The regulations apply to all religions, says a statement of the view-point of the Mexican Government, as reported in dispatches, "but the Catholic Church is most affected because it is the purpose of the Mexican Government to keep the Catholic Church outside politics." "We have no quarrel with religion. We have no quarrel with the Catholic faith, nor the Protestant," says President Calles, as he is quoted in an interview with Hubert C. Herring, appearing in the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist). "Our quarrel," continues President Calles, "is with the foreign-imposed hierarchy, which for four hundred years has always been on the side of tyranny and ignorance and oppression."

But some of our own editorial observers see the red hand of Russia in this continuous conflict between Church and State in Mexico. Mexico's new Constitution, says *The Wall Street Journal*, swept away all semblance of religious liberty. "As in Russia, the idea back of all this is to deliberately break down and destroy that very thing which we hold basic for the preservation and upbuilding of our free institutions." And as for it being more than merely a Catholic question, *The Wall Street Journal* says: "We refused to recognize the Soviet Government for the reason that we could not put the stamp of our approval upon the Red doctrines which we hold to be subversive of our institutions. For the same reason and to the same extent that faraway Russia's plan of government became an American question, so, too, does that of near-by Mexico." "Would not the general run of incidents recently in both countries," asks the Boston *News Bureau*, "suggest a peculiar animosity toward the Roman Church, which by certain socialist or communist types of thought has been seemingly hated as a consistent opponent of such doctrines and an upholder of individual property possession?" And it "is more imperative than ever that the American conscience, still sluggish and poorly informed, should speak out against the disorderly conduct of the neighboring Mexican Government," says *The Commonweal*, a Catholic weekly published in New York. Few, says this journal, would wish any but friendly relations to continue between the United States and Mexico;

"But it becomes apparent that Mr. Kellogg or his successor will have to act, and this is an eventuality for which all Americans must be prepared."

ON MOTORING TO EDUCATION

THERE'S NO ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE, and some of our educators believe that, as the road is, it is suited much better for walking than for motoring. In fact, the Council of Administration of the University of Illinois announces a regulation barring students from operating automobiles at the State coeducational institution, effective September 1. The University of Illinois thus follows, tho it goes further than the example of Princeton, which has banned the use or possession of motor-cars by first-year men while in residence and limits their operation by upper classmen. The Princeton man who uses a car must carry a special card, and such a card is said to be hard to get. A letter sent by the authorities of the University of Illinois to the parents of all students and prospective students advances five reasons for barring the use of automobiles. To quote from the Washington *Post*, they are:

"1. The scholastic standing maintained by the majority of students owning or operating automobiles has been below the average scholastic standing of the university.

"2. The owning of automobiles has involved a constant and serious waste of time.

"3. There have been numerous accidents involving considerable damage and serious bodily injury.

"4. There are constant violations of local and State laws governing motor traffic, and a wholly unnecessary and dangerous congestion of traffic in streets adjacent to the campus.

"5. The use of cars has contributed to moral delinquencies which resulted in dismissal from the university."

In discussing these reasons against the use of automobiles by students, the New York *Sun* says it is likely that those guilty of moral delinquency would be guilty of it whether they had cars or not, and extravagance, it thinks, can be checked easily enough by the parents. In the matter of scholarship, however, *The Sun* sees a harmful influence by the automobile, in that it hinders the progress of those who possess the luxury, and thus tends to decrease the efficiency of the student body as a whole. Yet it is possible, thinks *The Sun*, that, after all, the thing of which the University of Illinois complains is only a symptom and not the real disease. As *The Sun* sees it:

"There can be no doubt that most American colleges and universities are crowded with students who ought not to be there. The tremendous increase in total enrolment for the last seven or eight years has presented a problem of considerable perplexity. Entrance requirements are continually being made stiffer, but that does not deter new applicants for admission. New burdens and responsibilities have been placed upon the faculty and questions of discipline naturally have become more complex.

"The popular American theory is that every boy or girl who wants an education should have a chance to get it. The trouble with this hypothesis is that it has been stretched to include all boys and girls who think they want education—or whose parents think they want it for them—many of whom really want nothing of the kind. It is fashionable nowadays to go to college or to send one's children to college. But going to college and getting a degree may be one thing when getting an education is something entirely different.

"If it could be done it might be well to require all students to prove their zeal by imposing upon them certain sacrifices, beginning with the luxuries. The college ought not to be a place of amusement but a place of labor. The poor lad or weakly girl who can not manage to stagger under a load of books for the half mile or so between home and classroom, but needs must be transported in an expensively upholstered motor-car should be in a sanitarium, not in a university. A little more walking and a little less motoring would probably do most students good. As for pleasure outside working hours, what about a little wholesome tennis or golf, baseball, football, basketball or a good muscle-building, blood-freshening tramp into the country?"

But the Macon *Daily Telegraph* thinks that the prohibition of automobiles would serve only to provoke students to rebellion and that it "were much better if these Illinoisans would deny the car only to those proving themselves incompetent to operate one, or to those who permitted the privilege seriously to impair their collegiate standing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTED—"A LIVING SACRIFICE"

EMBARKED AT LAST upon "the most beautiful adventure of all," for which she had prepared so many others, Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, the youngest child of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has finished a life of consecration and devotion which has few parallels, and is perhaps unique, in the long annals of charity. She gave up all—career, family, a life of comfort—to devote herself to those suffering from incurable cancer and who were too poor to pay for any sort of service. Her *Rosary Hills Home* in New York was a refuge where every comfort was given them and where, it is said, not even a whim was denied the poor incurables. "By her death," observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "New York is deprived of one of its finest philanthropists." And, speaking of her as "a literary link with the past," the Troy *Record* says: "But more especially was she one of those rare souls who become immortal because of their love for and devoted service to mankind. The work she did at her Rosary Hills Home was exalted in that she herself applied the warmth of charity that too often expresses itself coldly and disinterestedly."

Keystone View Company ph tograph

"ONE OF THOSE RARE SOULS WHO BECOME IMMORTAL"

Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, who renounced all to aid sufferers from incurable cancer. Raymond J. Knoeppel, Past President, and Pirie Macdonald, President, pictured with her, presented her the New York Rotary Club's medal for service.

Mother Alphonsa was the last surviving child of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the widow of George Parsons Lathrop, author and editor. In her earlier years she continued the literary tradition of her family, both as a poet and an essayist. She married Mr. Lathrop in London when a girl of twenty, and both continued their literary work for many years. Their only child, a boy, died in childhood. In 1891 both renounced the Unitarian faith and became Catholics. It was then, we are told, that she became interested in the study of cancer and its alleviation among the poor. After the death of her husband in 1898 she opened a small home for patients in Cherry Street, New York. In the following years she widened the scope of her charitable enterprise by establishing larger homes in New York City and in Hawthorne, New York State, as well as by forming a community of Dominican Sisters known as the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. For admission into these homes founded by Mother Alphonsa the requirements are simple and yet exclusive. Only those are received who are without money and who have neither friends nor relatives to support them. Neither creed nor race is a bar; it is sufficient that the applicant is poor and suffering.

Last spring, soon after her seventy-fifth birthday, Mother Alphonsa received the gold medal awarded annually by the New York Rotary Club for the outstanding service to humanity during the year. She was active up to the time of her death, and we read in the New York *World* that she "insisted on tending herself the worst cases among her charges." She tried to satisfy not merely the needs of her poor, but also their whims. To many a welfare worker, *The World* observes editorially, it would have been enough to provide a refuge for the sick and to provide charity's indifferent hospitality. "But not for her. Her guests, poor and helpless tho they were, were still her guests, and treated as such: their whims were deferred to as well as their needs, and did they crave preposterous delicacies she did not chide them for being unreasonable but did her best to satisfy them, and usually succeeded."

Distinguished daughter of a distinguished father, Mother Alphonsa outdid him in the story she lived, think some observers, and the Cincinnati *Post* believes that "something of his mysticism, his sympathy and his revolt at conventionalized life seems to have entered her soul, tho to find form in a very different expression." And says *The Post:*

"Superficially she may have forsaken her father's faith when she became a Catholic, but she was essentially true to it when she dedicated her life to the service of helpless sufferers."

To understand how much Rose Hawthorne Lathrop gave up, it is necessary that we know that, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* puts it, she was "born into the cult of the New England literary Brahmins," and made herself a clever writer. And says *The Eagle:*

"Those who knew Mrs. Lathrop forty years ago when her short fiction was in great demand in the magazine market, when her poetry was most impressive, and when her light sketches for children were charming the little readers of *St. Nicholas*, recall a fascinating personality. As a conversationalist she was much what Margaret Fuller was, lighting up any subject with wit-tempered philosophy. Her tact was fine. She made no enemies and herself nursed not a single animosity. She had a very wide acquaintanceship in the literary world and depended in no way on the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne for her prestige.

"Such was the woman who found the allurement of authority in the Roman Catholic faith and who devoted her life, in the spirit of St. Marie De Chantal, to the service of victims of an incurable disease, seeking to make slow death easier for the poor who found in her a sympathetic soul rather than a mere alms dispenser. We suppose few careers have been more dramatic—more rangefully dramatic than Mother Alphonsa's. She deserves to be remembered and will be remembered for what she was and what she achieved for the benefit of suffering humanity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three hearty soups for the summertime meals!

Delicious!
Substantial!
Convenient!

You will select **CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP** when you desire an abundance of fine garden vegetables, with invigorating beef broth, cereals, herbs and seasoning.

You will select **CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP** when, in addition to a plentiful quantity of vegetables, you wish tender and nourishing pieces of beef to satisfy the appetite.

You will select **CAMPBELL'S BEEF SOUP** when your taste is for an even greater quantity of the beef, with the flavor and nourishment of vegetables besides.

Your summer meals should have one hot dish—it's so stimulating and beneficial. What a welcome relief to have such tempting soups as these in your pantry! Already cooked! So easily served!

These Campbell's Soups taste best when the water is added COLD, the soup brought to the boiling point, allowed to simmer, and then served HOT.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL

SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLLYWOOD

BY-THE-SEA

Come Her

Where Ski
And Co

THE SUMMER SKIES are
blue and the gentle
winds ever cool in this va
paradise . . . Hollywood
Sea, in Florida. Here su
time is comfort-time—wit
breezes, tempered by the fr
Gulf Stream, blowing in fr
sea as darkness falls. Each
a perfect day—each night a
for peace and rest and ro

Down by the ocean's e
on the broad and endless
or in the great pool of the
ing Casino—gay crowds
for care free fun. On the
liant Broad Walk saunter
ful throngs. Out on the se
ermen experience the thril
only the fighting tarpon
Devotees of golf match sk
the sporty course. Moto
hum over perfect roads.
patio of the Country Club,
ing feet keep time to mus

HOLLYWOOD RE
J. W. YOUNG, *Pre*

Hollywood summer excursions by boat and rail offer wonderful vacation opportunities. Come here where you may swim in the surf and sea—on the matchless beach in front of the Hollywood Hotel—or in the great pool of the Bathing Casino.

On the Ocean . . . On the Florida East Co

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in FLORIDA

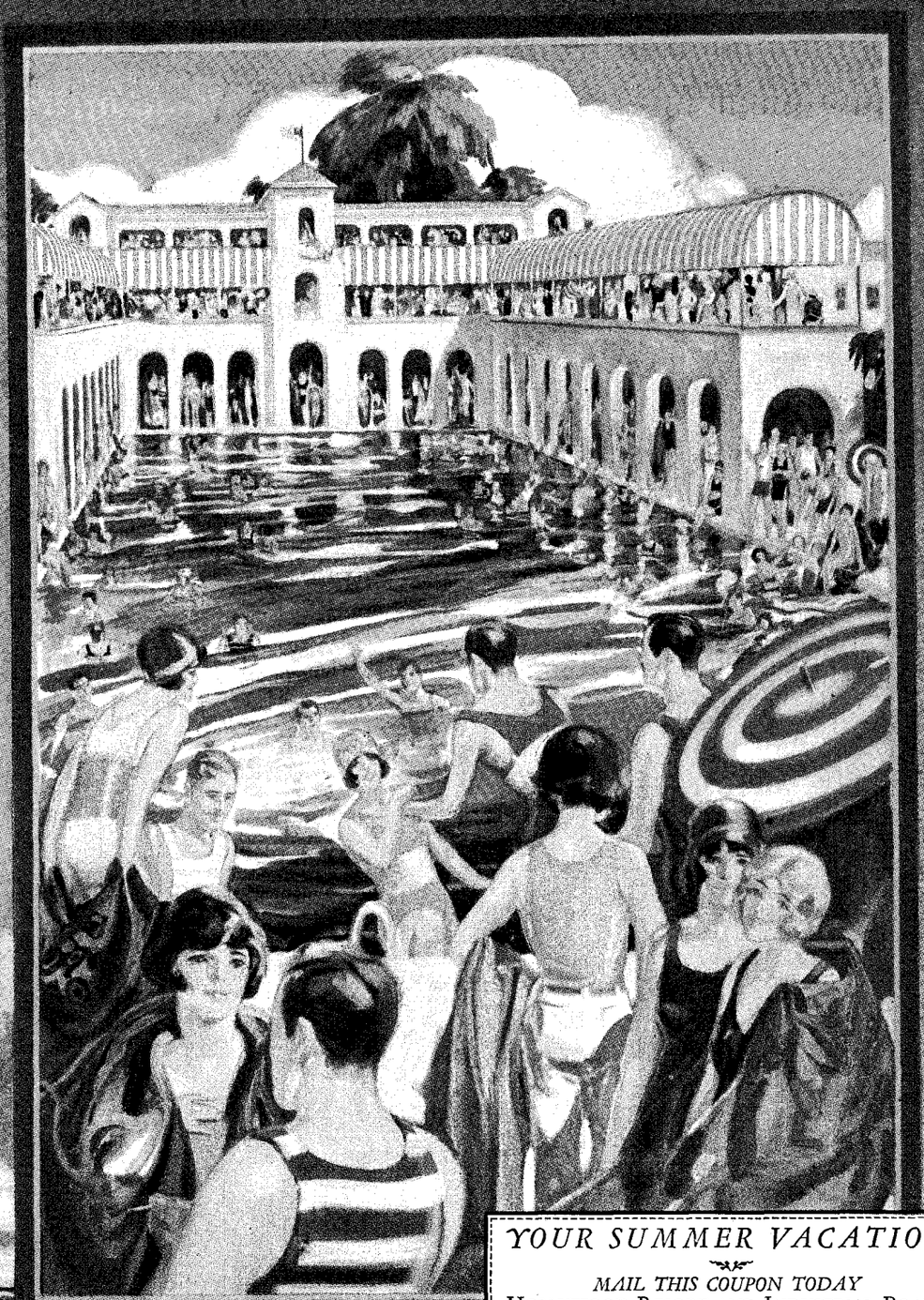
Blue
zes Blow

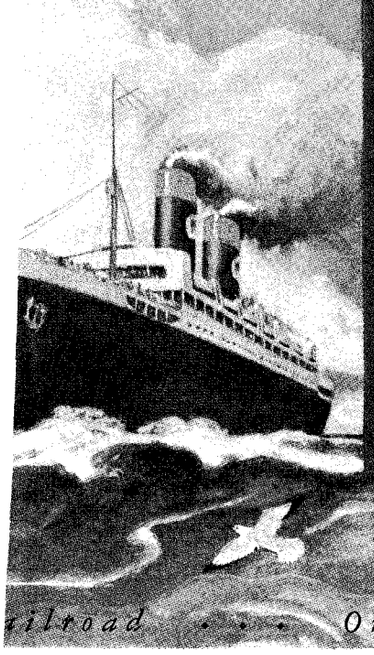
old Johnson's famous orches-
and on the beach, Caesar La
aca's Hollywood Band gives
concerts.

ay or rest—Hollywood By-
Sea offers everything to make
mer vacation dreams come
—and with all the conveni-
s and advantages of a city as
as a resort. For this is a
ing, growing, year 'round
where people are *making* a
g and *living* while they make
Here are stores and homes
fine hotels—and opportun-
or those who come to stay.

Hollywood's hospitable, lux-
us hotels are many and spac-
. Special low cost Hollywood
mer excursions by boat and
will permit you to enjoy a
ious vacation here in this
derful land by the sea. Just
and mail the coupon for full
rmation.

NDUSTRIAL BOARD
Hollywood *in* Florida





ailroad . . . On the Dixie Highway

YOUR SUMMER VACATION

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
HOLLYWOOD RESORT AND INDUSTRIAL BOARD
Hollywood, in Florida
Please mail me full information about low cost summer excursions to Florida, with free illustrated folders.

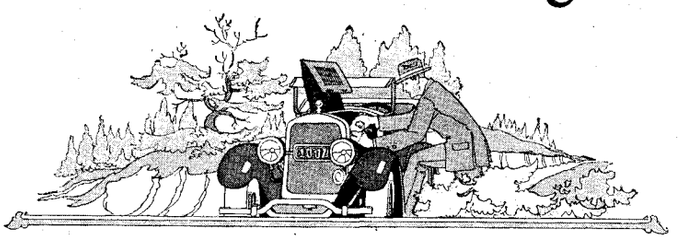
Name _____

Street _____

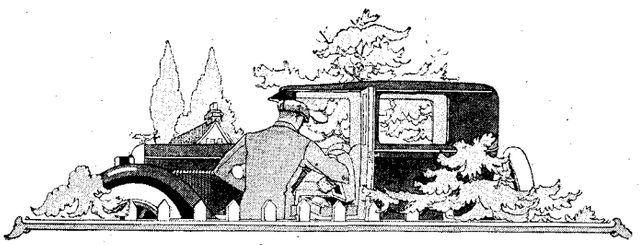
City _____ State _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A life-saver to thirsty engines - the Mobiloil quart can. A trouble-and-repair saver when oil gets unexpectedly low.



You can tuck 2 or 3 quart cans easily under your car seat. Then you need never accept wayside substitutes.



A camping convenience. A night-driving safeguard. An all-time assurance of genuine Mobiloil. Ask your dealer - because -

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

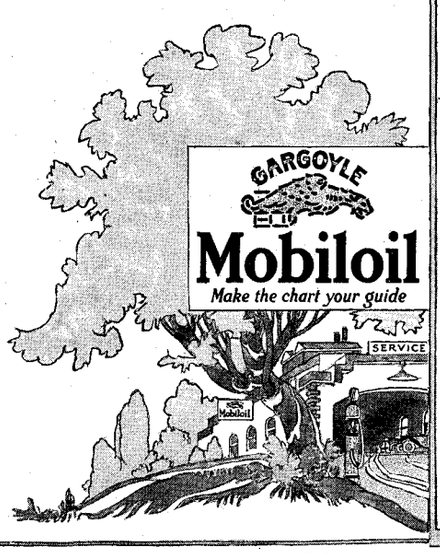
Make this CHART your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

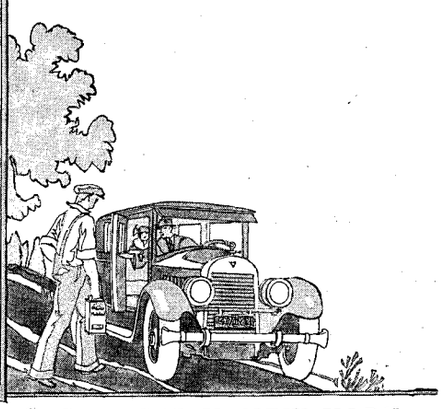
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....



MOBILOIL is produced by the company which has specialized most intensively in lubrication.

Today Mobiloil is used by more automobile engineers than any 3 other oils combined. And 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil.

The 5-gallon tipper can or the 10-gallon drum is handy in your home garage.



Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springfield, Missouri

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

A GOOD cool summer poem from the New York *Times*, tho as between the contestants many will find it hard to take sides:

EPISODE

By Louise Driscoll

The water rat was young and strong,
The snake was old and wise,
They met at the roots of a willow tree,
Small eyes to small eyes.
They met where the long green willows made
Curtains and openings
With hollows of shelter in the roots
For wild, wet things.

They looked at each other, eye to eye.
The quick snake coiled and quivered and waited,
The rat, with his long white teeth laid bare,
Crouched and stared at the thing he hated.
Three small words that sparrows know
Came from the throat of a brown song sparrow,
And down the stream came dragon flies,
Long and blue and narrow.

Long and narrow their wings were spread
On wind that was light as a child's breath,
And under the light swung willow boughs
Gray death faced gray death.
Both were waiting the chance to spring
There where the earth and the water meet.
A green fly dragging a worm to his home
Went close by the rat's small feet.

And then a sudden shadow fell
Swift as a word from the sky,
A gray-blue marsh hawk caught the snake
And carried it high.
I saw it curved like a line of script,
I saw it writhe and quiver,
The water rat trembled and crouched alone
By the edge of the little river.

The American Review answers the wish, sometimes heard, that the storm of newsprint be cleared off forever:

LINOTYPE

By Read Bain

What are these whirring wheels and rattling bars,
This wilderness of cogs and cams and keys,
This clicking buzz like large metallic bees,
Singing its songs of feted slums and stars,
Of rising Man and dull, decaying Czars?
This sentient thing whose hot thoughts freeze
To shining slugs that carry tragedies
And mirth—abstractions and particulars?

Its reaching rods are fingers skilled and true
Compared to which all fleshly hands are frail;
Electric, tireless, beating their fast tattoo,
They tell to men life's endless, varied tale.
Here is the voice without which man is dumb;
If it be stilled, silence and chaos come.

One of Alfred Noyes's recent poems is in the *Sunday Times* (London):

JOURNEY'S END

By Alfred Noyes

Know'st thou where that kingdom lies?
Take no lanthorn in thy hand.
Search not the unfathomed skies,
Journey not o'er sea and land,
Grope no more to east or west,
Heaven is locked within thy breast.

Splendours of the sun grow dim,
Stars are darkened by that light;
Thoughts that burn like seraphim
Throng thine inner world to-night.
Set thy heel on Death and find
Love, new born, within thy mind.

In that kingdom folded lie
All that eyes believe they see;
All the hues of earth and sky,
Time, Space and Eternity.
Seek no more in worlds apart,
Heaven is folded in thy heart.

For more than one day's remembrance we reprint this from the New York *Times:*

S-51

By John Jerome Rooney

Home! We welcome you home,
Dear sons of the ocean foam.
Not with the loud hurrahs of the street,
But our hearts replete
With the love we hold and shall ever hold
For our sons who were true as our sons of old!

Into our streets, like a leaping flame,
Our sons of the north adventuring came,
Crowned with honor, blazoned to fame.
How we rejoiced to welcome them back
From the trackless skies and the frozen wrack.
How we paused in our hurrying work—
Banker, chauffeur, bookkeeper, clerk—
To flood them with greetings, to welcome them back,
Sons of the skies and the perilous wrack.

Again they come—not the sons of the air
With their wings of fire on the pole-star dare,
But the sons of the deep
Where the strong tides sweep,
And the fisher-boats go for their last, great fare.

Welcome, dear sons, who with brave intent
Into the depths of the vast sea went,
Went for us, where the lords of the deep,
The huge sea monsters, float and creep,
Float and creep on the ocean floors
Where the sleepless flood of the sea tide pours.
Welcome, sons, welcome home,
Heirs of the sea, sons of the foam!

We have no loud hurrahs of the street
Our ocean sons to greet—
But in our hearts our love is as sweet,
And our praise is as glorious
As ever we gave
To our captains old,
Barry and Perry and Dewey bold,
Who conquered the wave
And brought back their ships, shattered, victorious!

A little chekhov tale from the Providence *Journal:*

OWNERS

By Emily F. N. Knight

He's called the farm a manor.
I told him money couldn't buy the place,
But he wouldn't understand.
He'll learn now, he doesn't own the land
For all the costly wall
He's built along the hill
Where peach trees used to lie
In spring time on the sky
Like little pinkish clouds.

He'll not scare people off
By carving griffins on his gate.
They'll come to gather faggots in his woods
And say, they've always come
Or else the woods would not have been so clean
Or the trees have grown so tall and straight.
Small boys will always fish with pins
For minnows, in the pool
And when it's apple time—
Lord help the fool!

He'll learn too late
When early frosts send nuts
Popping out of prickly burrs
And quails whistle and rabbits scuttle
Through the brakes,
Or when he lies awake on chilly nights
And hears a hound bay up the moon.

But if there were no clink of country skates,
No pippin faces passing through the yard
Upon a crystal afternoon,
I cannot think what he would do
For very loneliness of mind.
A foolish fear. They'll always come.
You see, for generations, it had been our home.

England's unemployed finds an outlet for expression in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

ALIQUID AMARIS

By J. P. B.

I came back.
Would I had stayed
With my friends, in the mud mixed with blood,
With a neat wooden cross
—Or no cross at all—
To show where I lay.

I came back.
Would I had stayed.
I came back to the land fit for heroes
(And I was a hero then.
Every one said so
For nearly a fortnight.)

I came back.
They said I was lucky—
"You'll soon settle down again, now you've come back."
That was seven years ago,
Seven weary years ago,
When I came back.

I came back.
Would I had stayed.
Better for all of us, if only I'd stayed, perhaps.
"Pity he can't get a job,
Did quite well in the war, I believe.
Seems a decent fellow, too. . . . What's yours?"

I came back.
Would I had stayed.
I am lonely; five out of six of my friends were killed
They didn't come back.
Always the best that go.
Those men that were killed were men.
And—my friends.

I came back.
Would I had stayed.
They all say it's hard for me—"Still, keep on smiling."
I'm an object of pity, now;
Me—an object of pity.
Blast you!

Just short of being guilty of the "pathetic fallacy" is this moving tale of a boat's last days, in the Miami *Herald:*

THE QUEEN OF NASSAU PASSES

By Stephen Cochran Singleton

The weary *Queen of Nassau* lay a year in Biscayne Bay,
(Aye, but she was eager once, with slender lines and fine)
Now she rode at anchor, dozing sunny days away,
Nodding to the luckier craft loaded to the line.

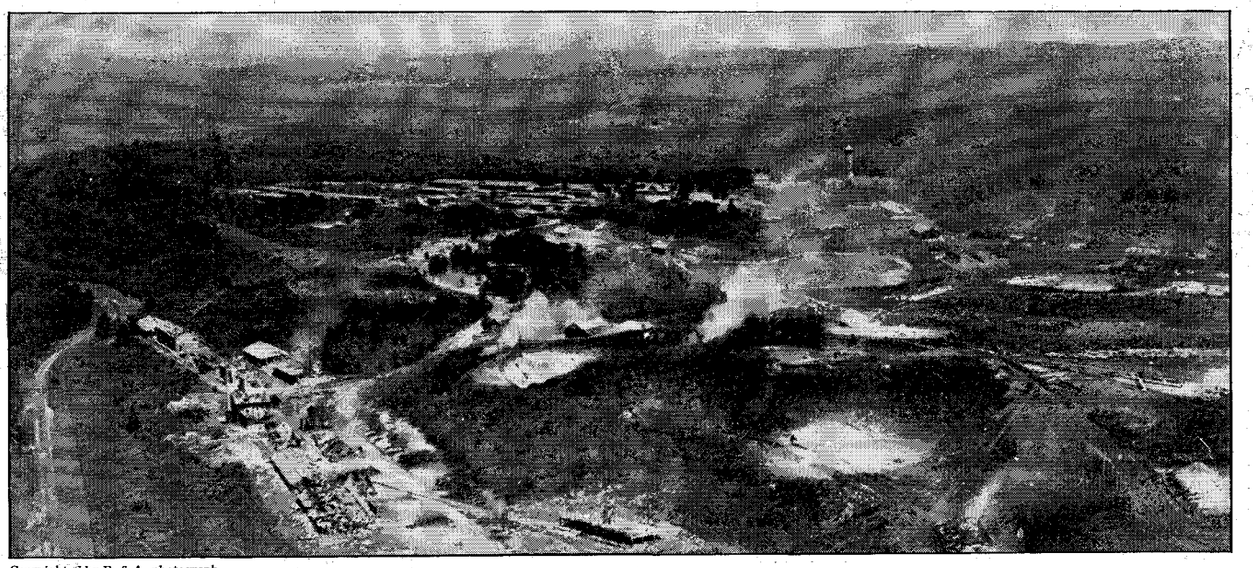
Then there came the order: "*The Queen of Nassau's* sold;
Get up steam and hoist the hook, a trader she shall be."
But, smitten with the bitterness of idly growing old,
The tarnished *Queen* was loyal to the legends of the sea.

Every rusty plate protesting, every boiler flue aleak,
The dying *Queen* went on her way, her last ordeal to face;
While to the crew that drove her, fair warning did she speak;
"Man the life-boat, get ashore; ye are nigh a landing place.

"All my voyagings are over and I go alone to die;
No man's goods and no man's life shall be lost along o' me;
And for this I praise the Lord; by His grace at last I lie
At peace in deep blue water till His trumpets rive the sea."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES



Copyrighted by P. & A. photograph

LOOKING OVER THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION, "WHILE SHELLS SCREAMED LIKE SIRENS"

More than 180 buildings of the great naval ammunition depot had already blown up "in groups of six or eight at a time." Sixteen were left standing at the time this fine view was taken; and these, with their thousands of tons of explosives, were in momentary danger of being set off by a random shell, or of being reached by the flames that devoured the demolished structures.

THE HORRORS OF WAR IN PEACE-TIME

HOISTED "CLEAN OUT OF HIS RUBBER BOOTS" by the first of the terrific explosions at the Lake Denmark Naval Ammunition Depot, a marine who had been doing kitchen police duty was "thrown fifteen feet in the air," according to a comrade who was near him at the moment; and then, not realizing that he had been divorced from his footgear, he "beat it" across the hills with other fugitives, pursued by shells, shrapnel, fire, and devastation, for three miles, before realizing that he was barefooted. By that time he was crippled. One of his comrades "ripped off his shirt and bound it around his feet so that they would not hurt him so much"; and soon afterward they were picked up by the driver of an automobile. Among the curiosities of personal experience during the New Jersey disaster that have accumulated since THE DIGEST last week presented a comprehensive account of that event, this anecdote of the bootless marine and his flight of three miles gives a hint of the mental shock and terror that accompanied the ravaging of the surrounding country. Then, in contrast we read of a Mrs. J. Jacobs who was in her bathtub when the explosions began. "She said she heard a loud noise," relates a correspondent, "but declared nothing in the bathroom had moved so much as an inch. Her husband and five children in the house were all thrown to the floor and she was at a loss to explain why the vibration had left the bathroom untouched." This was in the little iron-mining village of Mount Hope, three miles from the detonating ammunition depot. We learn that when Mr. Jacobs had picked himself from the floor "he brought a housedress to his wife, and the whole family started for Mountain Lakes across the fields." And here Mrs. Jacobs beat the distance record of the bootless marine, altho she did not rival his record of being literally blown out of his boots. "In her haste to reach a safe spot," the correspondent relates, "Mrs. Jacobs forgot to put on any shoes, and walked ten miles barefoot." On top of which it is related that her greatest grief is the loss of her new $88 cook-stove, which was blown to bits.

A vivid sketch of the inferno among the New Jersey hills while the devastation was still going on was tossed off for the telegraph wire by Norman Klein, a staff correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. Under a Dover, New Jersey, date-line he gives us this picture:

You climb out of a valley. It is flowered and green.

Carumph! A sudden explosion, a whine and hiss overhead.

You look up, and half a mile ahead, on the sky-line, rages in smoke and flame the hill that blew up.

A few hours ago the hill bore green trees, family homes, the $87,000,000 Lake Denmark Naval Arsenal.

To-day it is a "No Man's Land." Explosions have puffed the hill bare of men, of buildings and of trees.

Just flaming débris, the steady popping of TNT, and gray vapors rolling down the hillside.

This was the scene of death visited by two reporters for *The Evening Post*, accompanied by two naval officers, Lieut. W. J. Jones and Lieut. Leo Ketterer. They pushed nearer the exploding arsenal on the hill than any have so far ventured.

Their Navy touring car swept past the Picatinny arsenal in the valley—the Army munitions camp.

Past the old parade grounds, until a few hours ago a nine-hole golf course.

Shell holes freckled the fairway. The Navy's hill had flung five-inch shells a mile over the trees to spoil the Army's golf links.

"Look at these offices," exclaimed Lieutenant Ketterer. "You'd think a cyclone had struck them."

They saw, first, the twisted, disordered brick dwelling of Capt. I. A. Luke. Windows were staring, the roof pulled awry.

Across the street, Capt. John B. Fidlar's bungalow rolled on its heels.

High on its white pole an American flag flapped lazily.

The gray car swung up the earthen road to the right. Two hundred yards' climb—and the party stopt the car in amazement.

Hospital Building No. 49—Ragged in ruins.

A roof of the L-shaped structure scooped out by a shell.

The four men climbed rear stairs. A kitten meow-ed in the doorway.

"Poor, lonesome cat," began a reporter.

The kitten lifted a paw and slashed.

"The thing's shell-shocked," said the sentimental one.

Inside the party saw mattresses and sheets curled in corners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CAR YOU CAN RECOMMEND TO YOUR BEST FRIEND

BODY BY FISHER

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Coach.

Every day Oldsmobile owners recommend their car to their friends . . . and this is why:

They selected Oldsmobile for what it could do and *how it did it.*

They chose it for the quality of craftsmanship so evident in even minor details; for its beauty, for its smoothness, for its power, for its nimbleness in traffic and its handling ease.

Then in the crucial test of *trial by mile,* they found it asked no favors and feared no road.

Their judgment stands confirmed!

COACH
$950
F. O. B. LANSING

OLDSMOBILE SIX
Product of GENERAL MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and over desks. Steel locker doors hung on a hinge. Medicine bottles and broken water-pipes were scattered on a floor matted with ceiling plaster and window-glass. X-ray machines and radio sets were smashed.

Heavy explosions startled them. More TNT and shells were feeling the creep of the flames up there on the hill.

"Let's get going," said one of the party, jerkily lighting a cigaret.

Now the car swayed up-hill over a road littered with the high tension cables, tree branches, shrapnel bits.

The observers stopt suddenly. Careened off the road lay the touring car in which Com. H. M. Jenson of Forest Hills had escaped from the inferno of exploding gunpowder.

Fifteen feet above the road ended, blocked by another storm-splashed, shattered automobile. In this car Mrs. Frances Feeney, 542 East Twenty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, had been crusht to death by the blast.

A blood-wet coat, one arm ripped off, lay near by. In a pocket the searching party found the Elks card of her husband, Amatus E. Feeney.

In the wreckage lay a camera, crusht to pieces, a yard-square piece of brown upholstery, a broken fender.

The explosions had swept down on Mrs. Feeney like a wind storm.

"No wonder that taxi driver from Dover made us get out, back there a mile," said one of the reporters, smiling. "He was scared——"

Another cache of black powder blew up a half-mile up on the hill. The smile faded from the speaker's face.

"And I think I'm scared, too," he added.

"Don't blame you," said Lieutenant Ketterer. "We've both been in France."

The four men—alone in this zone of devastation, their eyes and nostrils stinging from the writhing smoke — scrambled ahead over rocks, mud, and débris.

There—due ahead, stark and barren—was the hill that blew up. The terrible blasts had flung trees flat. Tree stubs were brown and smooth.

Buildings still burned. Steadily the magazines blew up. One felt the shock through the soles of one's shoes.

"Whee-e-e!" screamed steel fragments that moved so fast one couldn't see them until they struck in a puff of dust on the hillside.

Some one bent down for a souvenir shell, a handful of death.

"For God's sake, leave that alone!" shouted one of the Navy men. "That can blow you to pieces, man."

The souvenir hunter hunched his coat collar nervously.

Down there in the valley, where the succession of explosions echoed, the power-house was burning. Smoke rolled into the sunshine.

The Rockaway River crept through the trees. From that river a marine, Coasmer Kinzick, had been plucked, half dead, by a fruit huckster, Roger McCormick.

Kinzick was recovering to-day in Dover Hospital. McCormick was about his business, in town.

And the hill that blew up—it grumbled like a dog in the manger and refused to give up its Navy dead to the 220 marines from Quantico, waiting with gas masks and tin derbies down below.

"There's more of them," said one of the observers.

He pointed.

On the sky-line stood a row of fifteen-inch shells. They stood out, black and lonesome, as the smoke cleared.

"Oh, they'll only splash two hundred feet," scorned Lieutenant Ketterer. "It's the powder magazines—flinging shells up in the air—that'll hurt."

Well, this eye-witness narrative had to be written. Tactfully, one eye on the fifteen-inch shells a quarter of a mile away, the writer suggested a return to Dover.

The four men clambered over the wreckage, shuffled through fallen wires and tree branches.

They found their car. The explosions boomed derision behind them. One's neck and shoulders felt hot with every blast.

Into the valley again, past the wrecked Army camp, and they were halting, smiling again, beside the tents of the marines.

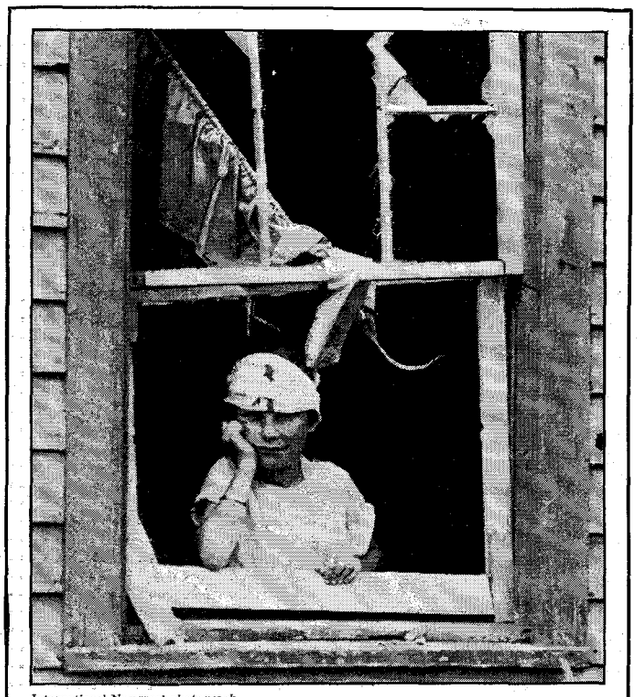
"How's the weather up there?" said a lanky officer, through cigaret-dangling lips.

"Pretty hot."

"Well"—he looked over his shoulder—"if another of these shells happens to make a direct hit on that Army arsenal there——"

He shrugged a shoulder.

"It's good night for New Jersey," he said.



International Newsreel photograph

THE FACE AT THE SHELL-SHOCKED WINDOW

"What's going to happen next?" seems to be the dazed speculation of eight-year-old Catherine Donohue, as she looks from her battered home at Mount Hope, after being injured by shattering glass and falling plaster during the first three violent explosions.

From the New York *American* we glean a comprehensive narrative furnished by Mrs. Dora Dowling, wife of Capt. Otto G. Dowling, commandant of the shattered Lake Denmark arsenal. A refugee in the home of residents of Glen Ridge, "she still wore the gingham dress given her after her eight-mile run through the woods, during which her lace dinner frock was torn to shreds"; and we learn further that "her arms were covered with scratches and bruises, and a livid mark showed on her face where she was knocked to the ground by the force of the explosions." Mrs. Dowling is quoted as relating:

"We all went through hell last night. That is the only word that adequately describes it. It will be many years before I can begin to forget the horrible experience.

"I was sitting with Captain Dowling in the sun parlor of our home watching the storm. Suddenly a livid streak of lightning flashed zigzag down the sky. He said to me:

"Wasn't that a wicked one?"

"A few minutes later the phone rang. I answered it and an orderly said there was a fire at the west gate.

"When I told him, he cried, 'Oh, my God!' seized his raincoat and was off down the hill in his automobile in a flash. I went to the back window to watch him, when the first explosion came. It broke every back window in the house, shook the plaster from the walls, knocked everything over and threw me to the floor. I staggered downstairs, intending to go after Otto.

"Then the second explosion came, and as I went through the front door the roof came crashing in. The doors were torn from their hinges and I narrowly escaped being crusht beneath them.

"There is a high fence around our home, with very heavy iron gates. There was no guard there to let me out, as usual, and I was dazedly making my way to them, wondering how I would get through. Then came the third explosion, and I fell three times on the way to the gates. As I reached them, they toppled over before me.

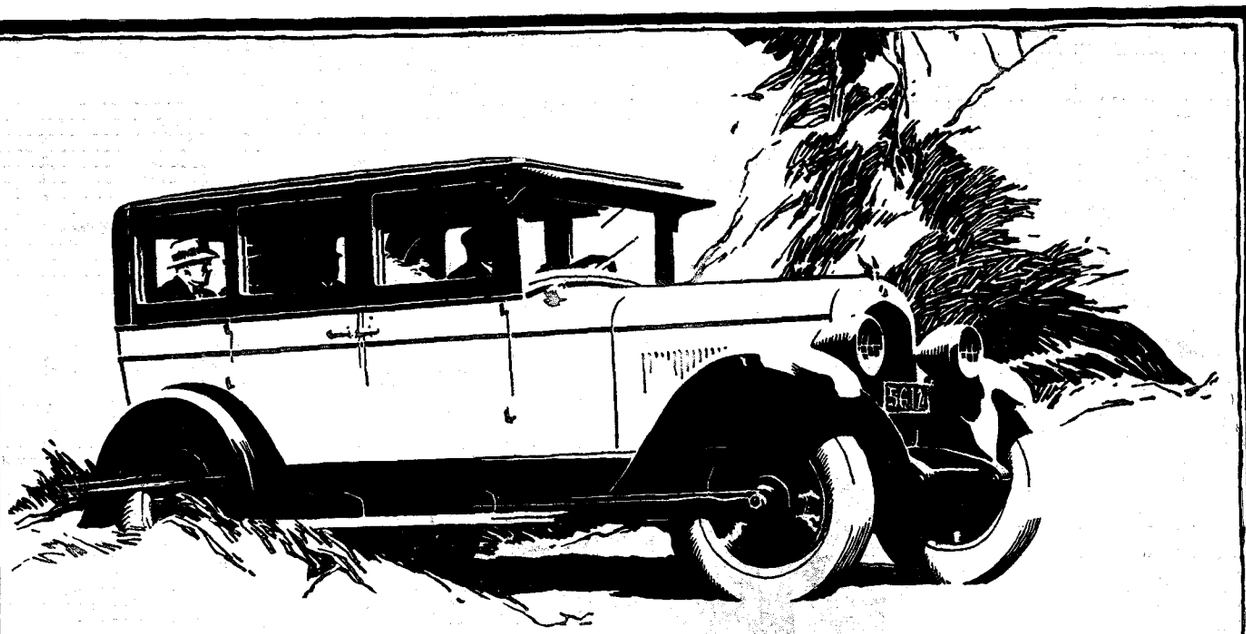
"I rushed into the road, and as I turned in the direction of the magazine, I saw what looked like a mountain of fire rolling toward me. I then turned in the direction of Denmark, and there, too, was a horrible leaping mountain of flames. There were deafening reports, and I became frantic.

"Behind our house is a heavy wood, and I decided to go in there, hoping that the wet trees would save me from being burned alive. I saw others dashing through the woods and joined them.

"With his lip torn half off and bleeding over his entire face, a young pharmacist named Bernard Shackman took me by the arm and helped me to run. Without him I could never have made it.

"We ran along the railroad tracks in the direction of Green Pond. I do not know how many were fleeing with me, but there were about eight marines in the group. As we ran along the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The New Lighter Six, Chrysler "60"

At Last Affording Chrysler Supreme Quality in The Field of The Lower-Priced Six

It is enough to know that the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" *is* a Chrysler. That fact alone bespeaks leadership in its field—the field of the lower-priced six.

The motoring public expects leadership of Chrysler—and every Chrysler leads its field.

The famous Chrysler "70", the super-fine Chrysler Imperial "80", have demonstrated this.

In fact, Chrysler leadership is conclusively proved daily by the experience of scores of thousands of satisfied Chrysler owners the world over.

In the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" you have, unit for unit, the same standards of quality comprehended in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80"—in features, in materials, in craftsmanship, in rigid inspection and test, in characteristics of dependability and long life. Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented get-away; gas economy of 22 miles and more per gallon; the striking beauty of Chrysler dynamic symmetry; astonishing riding ease and roadability; the safety of Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes; oil-filter and air-cleaner; full pressure lubrication; seven-bearing crankshaft; impulse neutralizer; road levelizers front and rear; roomy, luxurious bodies.

Never before has the motoring public been offered such supreme quality and value—in the field of the lower-priced Six—as is combined in the new lighter six, Chrysler "60".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to demonstrate this to you.

See the new lighter six, Chrysler "60". Drive it, convince yourself that nowhere will you find a Six in the lower price field that can begin to compare with this newest Chrysler achievement.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring Car, $1075; Roadster, $1145; Club Coupe, $1165; Coach, $1195; Sedan, $1295.*

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1395; Roadster, $1525; Royal Coupe, $1695; Brougham, $1745; Sedan, $1545; Royal Sedan, $1795; Crown Sedan, $1895.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2495; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional), $2595; Coupe, two-passenger, $2895; Coupe, four-passenger, $2895; Sedan, five-passenger, $3095; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3195; Cabriolet, $3495; Sedan-limousine, $3595.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER "60"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tracks, every few minutes some one would call out 'down everybody.'

"Then we would lie flat upon the ground, while shrapnel and fiery masses whizzed over our heads. We kept this up for eight miles, until we reached a cabin beyond the firing area.

International Newsreel photograph

AT THE MERCY OF A CHANCE PROJECTILE

A volcano of destruction is imprisoned in these rows upon rows of six-inch shells of armor-piercing type stored in the unharmed buildings. To keep the flames away from them called forth prodigies of labor and gallantry from the fire-fighting marines.

"It was occupied by a family named Guerian, from Newark, who live there during the summer. They took us in and gave us all clothes, for we were ragged. Then we were all taken by automobile to the Morristown General Hospital.

"I had grown frantic with worry over my husband, and the nurses undertook to obtain news of him. When I learned that he was at the Dover General Hospital I went there immediately. The superintendent said Captain Dowling had been treated for burned eyes and a badly lacerated face, but had gone, insisting on returning to the arsenal when he learned I was safe.

"By rigging up an emergency wire my husband called me soon after that at the hospital. I think it was the happiest moment of my life when I heard his voice. He came back to the hospital for further treatment, but after seeing me safely off for Glen Ridge with my friends he again left for the arsenal and stayed there all night."

As usual in such emergencies, the local "Hello" girls proved themselves the best of good fellows to all that stricken countryside, and regarded their neighbors' needs far more than their own safety. As the New York *World* puts it:

The voice with the smile has taken on a sturdier timbre than mere sweetness in the Dover explosion area these last few days and nights.

It has recorded another chapter in the annals of telephone operators' heroism and devotion to duty in time of crisis. From every exchange in the affected district came reports yesterday that told the story.

Outstanding was the tale of the girls at Rockaway, one of the heaviest hit towns in the area. The first explosion Saturday night broke the windows in the operating room, in the front of Gerard's drug store, on Main Street, blew panels from the doors, tore metal strips from the walls and put one of the switchboard positions out of service.

For a minute or two the operators worked on in the litter of broken glass. Then, as the second blast rocked the building, Mr. Gerard, fearful it would collapse, ordered all to leave. Before they reached the street the third shock rolled down the valley from the ammunition depot. Finding the building still standing the girls returned to their posts, and continued operating throughout the night.

Immediately after the first explosion the volume of calls jumped to ten times normal and continued at that rate all through Saturday night and Sunday. Many of the callers warned the telephone girls that the town was directly in the line of further tremendous blasts and was expected to be blown to pieces and urged them to flee.

A few minutes after the third major explosion the town virtually was deserted by everybody except the telephone girls and officials. All stores were closed and houses abandoned. Most of the calls were from members of the separated families and from fugitive residents seeking information about their homes.

All sorts of questions and requests came in to the operators during the night. One man stated he needed help. He said he, his wife and children had been bathing in Lake Denmark when the explosion occurred. They had left their clothing in their automobile.

Fleeing in their bathing suits, he said, they had been picked up and taken to West Orange, from where he was calling. His simple request was that some one go up to the lake and salvage the car and clothing. With the roar of the terrific barrage then playing over the lake in her ears, the operator smilingly referred him to the State Police.

Altho at no other exchange was the peril as great as at Rockaway, apprehension for miles around the blazing depot ran high throughout the fatal night. Despite the fears of the townspeople, however, every girl stuck to her post for long hours beyond her regular trick.

In Dover ten girls remained constantly on duty for twenty-four hours, while Miss Catherine Rennie, the supervisor, was at her post thirty-six hours, and then left under protest, insisting the emergency demanded her presence at the exchange.

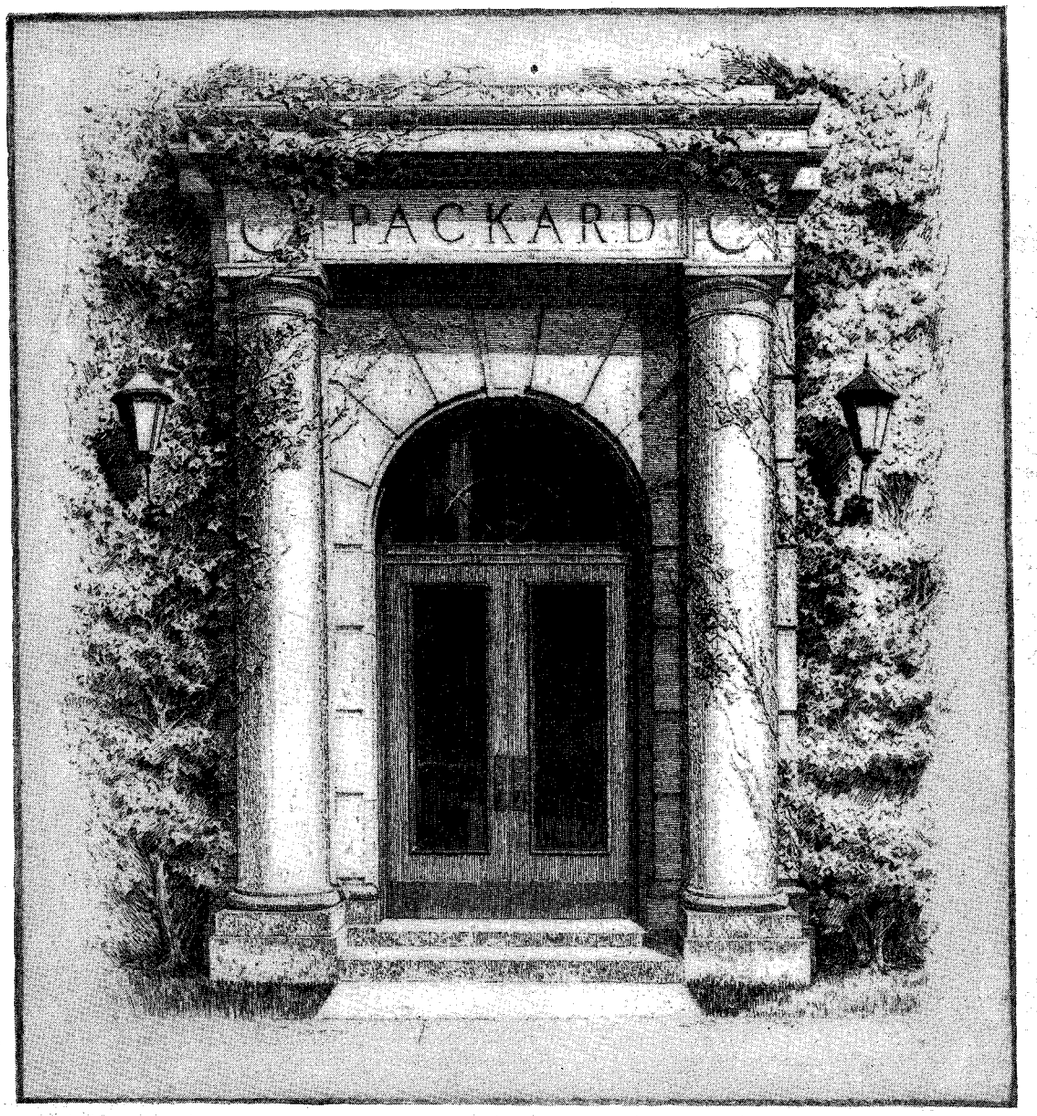
International Newsreel photograph

THIS WAS A RAILWAY STATION BEFORE THE EXPLOSION

And now the bewildered station agent is seen searching the wreckage for his official records, regardless of the proximity of death from the intermittent shell-fire.

"Sam," a blind and pensioned arsenal horse, thirty years old, was found in his stall, miraculously unharmed. Four Angora kittens in the officers' quarters were groggy, but still in the ring; and *The Evening Post* tells of two shell-shocked dogs:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



. . . "walls must get the weather stain before they grow the ivy!"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

For a year Packard has asked every buyer of a Packard car what one thing more than any other influenced his purchase. Thousands have answered in writing. Scores of reasons have been named. But the one most frequently cited is "Reputation."

Packard reputation is a priceless asset built up through more than a quarter of a century. Packard principles, unvarying from the first—and actually codified in 1909 for the guidance of the expanding organization—form the basis for this high repute.

Packard principles rigidly adhered to assure three things which guarantee the maintenance of Packard reputation: The finest motor cars which Packard's unsurpassed experience and facilities can build. Business dealings governed by the strictest interpretation of the Company's duty to Packard owners. Advertising which never in word or picture deviates from the conservative facts.

Many companies have come and gone while the ivy climbed over the Packard portals. And today this great institution is if possible more firmly committed than ever to these principles upon which is builded Packard's acknowledged leadership.

These principles will ever justify the public confidence which underlies Packard's supreme reputation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of the devotion of a shell-shocked setter, mascot of the Marine barracks in the Navy ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, was told in the Navy Yard in Brooklyn to-day by Harry Hogemann, an enlisted man who made three trips to the arsenal to bring back dead and wounded.

"When we got in there Monday," Hagemann said, "there were still enough shells popping off to make it dangerous.

"But when we got near the Marine barracks, which were just black ruins, we saw this setter, sitting motionless on his haunches, next to a little white fox terrier.

"Some of the marines from Quantico got off the ambulance with me and after a while we succeeded in coaxing the fox terrier to follow us to the ambulance.

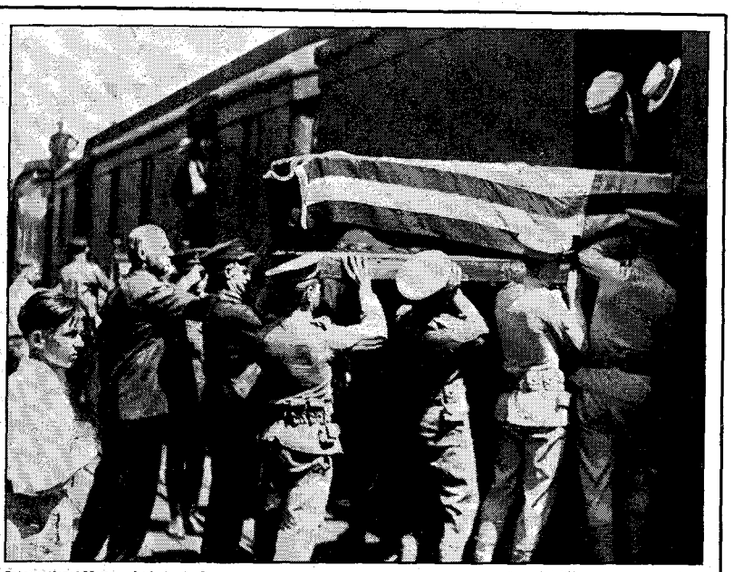
"He got livened up again. I guess he recognized the uniforms. It's a miracle he ever came out of it in that condition.

"But the setter, which had been the marines' mascot in the barracks, wouldn't budge, even when the other dog came with us. His eyes were kind of glassy, as if he were shell shocked. He started right past us at the barracks. The only way you could tell he was living was when he flicked his ears.

"We gave him some grub, but he wouldn't touch it.

"Then when we started to go ahead, searching for the bodies, the little fox terrier deserted us. He ran back to the setter again. They looked like two little statues, the white terrier and the gray-looking shell-shocked dog."

The marines from Quantico finally took the dogs down to their bivouac at the base of the hill and are caring for them there.



International Newsreel photograph

"GONE WEST"

A soldier's last journey makes its usual solemn impression as the body of Lieut. George W. Bott, Jr., U. S. A., is shipped to his home in Richmond, Virginia. He was stationed at Picatinny Arsenal, but was at the Naval Depot "next door" when destruction broke loose.

In a more somber vein is Norman Klein's story in the same paper of a shell-shocked man's hopeless quest for his wife:

Lieut. William F. Jones, in charge of the Navy's search for blast victims, finally let Wadhams, the shell-shocked one, go in at noon, on the day after the explosion.

Up the hill the husband went, two marines behind him, Jones at his side. They came to the zone where the explosions had cropped down the trees, made a baldpate of the arsenal's hill. Small shell huts hid in a haze of blue smoke. Now and then shells popped.

Wadhams stumbled on.

"Let's get over where the cottages were," he said. "That's where she was."

The marines were silent. They looked sideways at Wadhams. They poked futilely in a heap of phonograph records, torn collars, broken dishes, woman's things.

"I'm sorry, old man," said Lieutenant Jones.

"You know," he added reproachfully, as Wadhams started to cry, "I didn't want you to come—"

"But she's my wife," said Wadhams. "I loved her very much."

Angrily, he fell on hands and knees and clawed in the wreckage. A quarter of a mile away the powder and shells boomed on drearily. Henry Wadhams brushed the noise away from his head with a petulant hand.

"It was about here," he said, "that the first explosion threw me on my face. I had run to the office, got the records. Had to get the records.

"I got up. I found myself alongside building 23. Then the whole end of that building blew out. What do you know about that?"

He looked blankly at the others, then remembered what came next.

"Right in front of me—see?—the TNT cans stood, exposed. 'They're going next,' I says to myself. I ran to the power-house. See, over there—the smoke-stack's all that's left. The third explosion lifted me up, jerked my head off my neck, filled my eyes and ears with—"

He mopped his face again.

"Just imagine," he said, "I was fifty feet away after that. I don't see how I flew there in the air. I was on my knees, as if I were praying. Then I looked around for her. The noise frightened me. Shells made red flashes. So I got on my feet and ran. Three marines were yelling at me. A magazine blew up. They were gone. One minute I saw them, plain as day. Then they—were gone. Can you beat that?

"Big shell fragments were falling at my feet. I was crazy with worry for my wife. I didn't know where to look. Everything was blown to hell."

That is all Henry Wadhams remembers.

A rescuing party recalls that a tall, sandy-haired man, talking to himself, was found Sunday morning in the woods.

"It is very strange," he was saying. "She ought to be around here somewhere."

Pityingly, they led him to the Naval Hospital. His head was bleeding behind his left ear. His face was bleeding, too.

But it's Henry Wadhams's heart that was bleeding to-day.

"Come on, let's go back to Dover," said Lieutenant Jones, gruff with sympathy. "Maybe we'll come back to-morrow? Eh, old man?"

But Wadhams would not give up his search.

He kept scrambling through the wreckage of his cottage. This afternoon the body of Mrs. Wadhams was found.

And here is the Odyssey of six marines—Corporal Lewis, Corporal Mullarkey, and Privates Huntley, Jones, Nye, and Pratt. When everybody else around the arsenal "was either dead or rescued, or had escaped," they decided to make for the farther bank of Lake Denmark. The New York *Times* quotes Corporal Mullarkey:

"Down the road a way, we passed a house and heard some cries. The shells were exploding all around but Corporal Lewis who was wounded in the head, in the right hip and in the neck insisted that we stop. We crawled under a half-dozen beams which had snapt and dragged out two men.

"Then we started for the east bank of the lake. We didn't know there was a rowboat there and we wondered why the two men were trying so hard to beat us to the bank. I guess none of us could think very clearly. Just as we reached the top of the bank we saw them putting off in the boat. We called to them but they wouldn't come back."

Mullarkey stopt for a moment and sighed. "I'd like to meet those two men," he interpolated. Then he continued:

"The shells became thicker and were falling near us. It was getting dark. I remember it was just 7:05 P. M., because Pratt had a watch that kept going. We found a ledge under a gun base and dragged some logs and ties over and made a dugout. Meanwhile Privates Huntley, Jones, Nye, and Pratt were all hit by shell fragments or débris. I was the only one who escaped.

"And I couldn't swim. Neither could any of the others except Lewis. When he volunteered to swim the half mile to the other bank after that boat in which the civilians went away, it seemed like madness. He had three wounds, remember.

"We made him rest awhile and then he jumped into the water. He swam strong and reached the bank just as another flare of fire came up around us. Then we saw him get into the boat, heard the sound of his oars and knew we were being saved. When we got into the boat we saw Lewis was covered with blood.

"Before we started, I tell you, we gave three cheers for Corporal Lewis. When we reached the far bank we walked along the roads until some one picked us up in a car."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFTER years of abuse—when any of the sturdy little bones of the foot slip out of position, the arches begin to fall. The excruciating pain in the foot is only part of the misery that follows.

Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain frequently mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.

What Causes Foot Ailments?

Misuse, disuse and abuse.

Misuse commonly means standing and walking with the toes pointed out instead of *straight ahead.* It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is a serious cause of foot distress. When the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the four arches often become weakened until the bone framework sags and the feet are almost flat.

Abuse of the feet is largely a matter of ill-fitting shoes—too short, too narrow, too pointed, too high-heeled, too thin-soled or with soles that do not fit and protect the bottom of the foot.

How to Correct and Prevent Foot Troubles

If your feet are normal and healthy, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot and leg exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Protect your children from the tortures of foot troubles and the serious results of neglect. Guard their easily molded feet. See that they wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly *with toes straight ahead* and to remember that every time they hit the ground, the ground hits back.

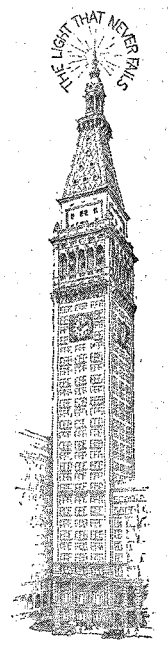
The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of safeguarding health. It has just published a booklet, "Foot Health" which contains a great deal of valuable information.

This booklet tells about the various kinds of foot troubles—and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon foot ailments. It shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause foot distress and often contribute to bodily ills and mental depressions.

It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

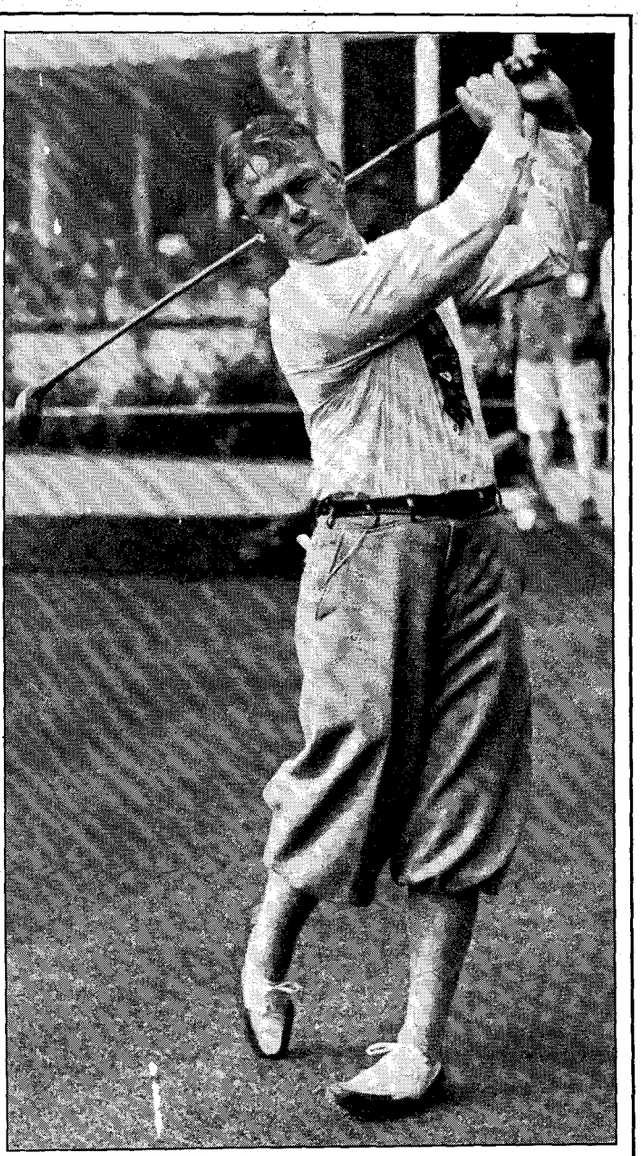
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

BOBBY JONES CONFIDES HOW HE DOES IT

MILLIONS OF POOR BUT EARNEST duffers, apparently born to dub and dub and dub, should renew their courage, considering the case of Bobby Jones. At least so a chorus of golf experts informs us, for Bobby, they say, is an example of what may be accomplished by industry and carefulness. The "Master Stylist" is his familiar title; the "World's Classic Golfer," adds the Atlanta *Journal*, and the New York *Evening World* sees, in his capture of the British open championship, "the passing of supremacy in this ancient sport, so long held by Great Britain, definitely to the United States." This large and important development in the ancient Dutch game, introduced into Scotland in the thirteenth century, is largely to be accounted for, we are assured by golf qualities that may be imitated by anybody. Mr. Jones never permits the ball, for instance, to deviate from its proper line, determined by his own right heel. Above all, he realizes that a stroke saved in time is the greatest winner of golf games. "He never wastes the winning shot," we are told, realizing that "golf is not a waster's game." And yet there were times, early in his career, when the "world's greatest golfer" missed easy shots, got mad, threw his clubs around the links, said things, and generally cut up like most of us who go out, on a Saturday afternoon, to "hit a little white ball, and then try to find it."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE "MASTER STYLIST" DEMONSTRATING STYLE

Mr. Jones, in his first interview, quoted herewith, goes further than most champion golfers in telling how he got his reputation.

Disregarding the numerous well-informed critics who tell how Mr. Jones does it, a certain golf writer for the Atlanta *Journal* went directly to headquarters for information. The writer, O. B. Keeler, known as "Bobby Jones's Boswell" and an old friend of the champion, obtained an interview which is called by the Associated Press "the only interview which Jones says he has ever given out or probably ever will give out." It is copyrighted, and reproduced by permission. The interviewer writes:

Bobby Jones, open golf champion of America and Great Britain, and amateur champion of America, all at the same time, is a difficult boy to interview. But that is not all because he is the first official golfing champion of the world. It is because he is one of the most modest boys in the world. It required a good deal of convincing to gain his first, and very likely his last, formal interview on golf. I told him the greatest press associations believed that many people wanted to hear from him, in his own words, how he played golf—the "Master Stylist"—and how he won championships. Bobby at last blushed and gave in.

"All right," he said. "Where do we start?"

"Where you started golf," I suggested. "How did you get your game?"

"Luck," he answered succinctly. "The biggest piece of golfing luck I ever had was when the Atlanta Athletic Club got Stewart Maiden for its professional. I was five years old then and lived opposite the gate of the East Lake Golf Course. Next year dad moved our family into a little cottage on the club property, alongside what is now the first fairway. I had taken up golf in a small way with a sawed-off cleek, which one of the East Lake players had given me. Stewart never gave me any lessons. I just followed him around and watched him. I wanted to play golf, and he was the best player about the club, and I imitated his style like a monkey, I suppose. The luck was in the fact that Stewart had the finest and soundest style I have ever seen. Naturally, I did not know this at the time. But I grew up swinging like him. In the last ten years I've changed a good deal in some ways. My build is not like Stewart's, you know."

"You're *fatter*," I suggested. Bobby's ears reddened.

"Never mind that. I'm not as fat as I was when I got off the *Aquitania* ten days ago. I lost twelve pounds those three days at Scioto. And I'm *not* fat anyhow. As I was saying, I don't swing just like Stewart to-day, but that was the foundation and I can go out on a golf course any time and swing exactly like him. He has a sound and orthodox style."

I asked what he meant by orthodox.

"In golf, I should say, it was a style which would suit fundamentally any player, unless he was anatomically freakish. There is nothing odd or unusual about Stewart's methods."

"And yours?"

"Well, at times my methods seem unusually hard to get along with. Maybe I haven't helped the original style by changing it. Anyway, I can't help believing that is the best way to acquire a sound game—imitation of a good player in childhood. If you don't get started in childhood, take some lessons. A good professional can work out a style that will suit you if you will do what he says."

The subject of style characteristics came up, records the interviewer, since "Bobby is now universally regarded as the glass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—50 S. High St. (Keith Theatre Bldg.)
Albany—65 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)
Allentown—955 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Arkansas City—Newman Dry Goods Co.
Asbury Park, N. J.—R. Bowne, 621 Cookman Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's, 39 Patton Ave.
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)
Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
Baton Rouge—Rosenfield's
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co., 57 Chenango
Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
Boston—109 Newbury St. cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)
Brockton—Model Shoe Store, 176 Main St.
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Hanover Place)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—162 N. State St. (3rd floor Butler Bldg.); 1050 Leland (near Broadway); 6410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn); 1405 Morse Ave. (Rogers Park)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulff Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg., 1717 Pacific Ave.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg., 16th and Champa
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co., 506 Walnut
Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
Dubuque—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 West First St. (near 1st Ave. W.)
Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea, 146 W. Water St.
Erie—Weschler Co., 924 State St.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery, 529 Davis St.
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 342 Main St.
Fresno—Cooper's, 1221 Fulton St.
Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons, 916 Calhoun
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—Robt. A. Sills Co.
Greenville—Pollock's
Hamilton, Ont.—8 John St., North (at King)
Harrisburg—217 No. 2nd St.
Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Houston—205 Gulf Bldg. (take elevator)
Huntington, W. Va.—Bradshaw-Diehl Co.
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
Jacksonville, Fla.—24 Hogan St. (opp. Seminole Hotel)
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.—E. Zang, 530 Main St.
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House, 124 E. Main
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg., 11th & Walnut
Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Stelle & Son, 312 Wall St.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co., 415 Gay St.
Lancaster, Pa.—Watt and Shand
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son, 445 Essex
Lewiston—Lamey-Wellehan, 110 Lisbon St.
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co., 230 N. Main St.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—117 W. 6th St. (opp. Lafayette Hotel)
Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co., 417 Fourth Ave.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Lynn—Goddard Bros., 84-92 Market St.
Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store, 214 State St.
Marquette—Jacob Rose & Sons
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Miami—McAllister Arcade, near Flagler St.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co., 322 Grand Ave.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton, 159 Dauphin St.
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co., 8 Dexter St.
Montreal—Keefer Bldg. (St. Catherine, W.)
Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop, 881 Purchase St.
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. V. Harding & Sons
New Haven—190 Orange St. (near Court)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (2nd floor)
New York—14 W. 40th St. (South of Library); 762 Lexington Ave. (at 60th St.); 365 E. Fordham Rd. (at Marion Ave.); 13 John St. (Bet. Nassau and B'way)
Niagara Falls—Jenss Bros.
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley; Burk & Co.
Oakland—516-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
Oklahoma City—Fezler's, 233 W. Main
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Ottawa, Ont.—241 Slater St. (near Banks)
Pasadena—424 E. Colorado St.
Passaic—4 Lexington Ave. (at Erie Depot)
Paterson—18 Hamilton Street (opp. Regent Theatre)
Peoria—105 So. Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
Perth Amboy—Jos. Bruck & Son, 140 Smith St.
Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
Phoenix—Korrick's
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale, 127 E. Front St.
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.
Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger, 327 Main
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Common Sense, Inc., 29 So. 5th St.
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle, 5 W. Broad St.
Roanoke—I. Bachrach Shoe Co.
Rochester—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
Sacramento—1012 K Street
Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery, 1023 State St.
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter, 1306 2nd Ave.
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—The Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Stamford, Conn.—L. Spelke & Son, 419 Main
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—750 St. Helens Ave. (above 9th St.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
Torrington—Bufferd's Shoe Shop, 58 Main
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Union City, N. J.—Star Shoe Store
Utica—28 Blandina St., Cor. Union
Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery, 709 Austin Ave.
Washington—1319 F Street (2nd floor)
Waterbury—Howland-Hughes Co.
Waterville, Me.—N. Hillson & Sons
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Wichita Falls—Sanderford Booterie
Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
Williamsport—John B. Irvin
Wilmington, Del.—The Kennard-Pyle Co.
Winnipeg—Hudson's Bay Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yonkers—Klein's, 22 Main St.
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Agencies in 360 other cities

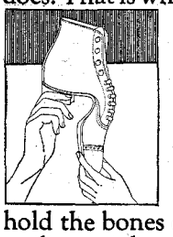
Where Cantilever Shoes are sold

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within shopping distance of practically all readers of this publication. At the left is a partial list of Cantilever stores. If none of these is near you, write the Cantilever Corporation, 414 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will send you the address of a conveniently located Cantilever store and an interesting booklet, showing the new Cantilever styles.

Buy your shoes as you buy your car for COMFORTABLE TRANSPORTATION *and* GOOD MILEAGE

THE foot is nothing else than a cantilever spring-like structure composed of twenty-six moveable bones held in arched formation by a network of muscles.

Feet that are free, in comfortable, flexible shoes, will carry you along with less fatigue, just as an easy riding car does. That is why the Cantilever Shoe



is made flexible from toe to heel. Every step you take in the Cantilever Shoe, exercises your foot. Foot muscles thus keep the springy strength they need to hold the bones of the foot in strong resilient arches.

The flexible arch of the Cantilever Shoe can be laced up snugly to the undercurve of the foot, if you need arch support. But you probably won't need it long in Cantilevers because they correct the *cause* of arch troubles (muscular weakness) instead of just propping up the sagging bones of the foot.

The diagram at the right shows how the Cantilever Shoe fits the foot instead of making the foot fit the shoe . . . no bones out of line when you are wearing Cantilevers; the great toe, which is the main lever of the foot, straightens out and functions properly.

A—*Natural foot.*
B—*Cantilever last.*
C—*Ordinary last.*

It is easy to walk in Cantilever Shoes. The scientifically designed

heel induces the wearer to toe straight ahead as nature intends, swinging the weight of the body to the outer and stronger side of the foot. This natural distribution of the weight gives a man an easy, swinging stride and greater endurance.

Cantilever wearers are enthusiastic about the two kinds of mileage these comfortable shoes give them—more miles per day and more miles per dollar. Any man can walk further when his feet are comfortable and natural, and a good quality shoe like the Cantilever lasts longer not only because of the fine materials that go into it but also because it fits the foot and does not lose its shape.

Cantilever Shoe

—supports the arch, with flexibility

MEN .. WOMEN .. GIRLS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fashion and the mold of form in golf." Bobby did not want to talk about this phase, but Mr. Keeler insisted. So the Champion admitted:

"Well, judging by the pictures I see of myself, I keep my feet closer together in the full shots than almost anybody else in the world, and keep my hands lower and close to my knickers in addressing the ball. My arms do not seem to get far away from my body in the back swing, and I suppose this is what they mean in saying my style is compact. My stance is very slightly open for all shots except the putt. That is, the left foot is a bit farther back from the line of shot than the right. I do not regard this as important. Sometimes I play shots with my toes level, and I know fine players who employ a very open stance and others with a square stance—the toes level—and still others with a closed stance, the right foot being drawn back.

"The main point in my stance, as I understand it, is to play the ball opposite the left heel in all normal full wood shots, and in most normal full shots for distance. Two or three years ago I was getting into a lot of trouble, pulling and smothering, by carelessly letting the ball stray toward the line of the right heel. I play many pitch shots and irons, when a low flight with much backspin is needed about between my feet or even toward the line of the right heel. But to get a normal, well-behaved shot with a full swing, I have found that the place for the ball, for me, is opposite the left heel. Mind you, I don't say that is right for everybody. But it certainly is Stewart's method, for practically all shots, and he even plays the ball as far ahead as opposite the left instep. I think the idea is to keep the weight well back of the stroke. When it gets in front, anything can happen and usually does."

I asked about hands, arms and grip.

"I never think about my hands. The regular overlapping or Vardon grip seems to take care of that phase pretty well. I think that grip is best, if your hands are reasonably big and strong. The little finger of the right hand overlaps the forefinger of the left, the left thumb being buried under the right palm; a very compact grip, which tends to keep the hands from working against each other, save in the proper way. The club is held strictly in the fingers, rather than delicately. Don't squeeze it. I can spoil a shot any time by tightening my grip consciously. I use the same grip for every shot down to the putt, where I reverse it. For me, the putt is essentially a right-hand stroke, and I put all the right-hand on the shaft and overlap the right little finger with the left forefinger. I take the putter back with the left-hand and stroke the ball with the right. It has worked very well at times, as at Merion and Oakmond, and not so well on this last trip. I putted like an old woman, that last round in the British open. Thirty-nine putts—it was terrible."

Bobby needs only thirty-one or thirty-two putts in his average round of championship play, notes Mr. Keeler, and in his first round at St. Anne's he used only twenty-nine. Thus his winning card of 74 in the last round of the British open, with thirty-nine putts and only thirty-five other strokes in it, was a wonderful business and nerve racking. The Champion is quoted further:

"The left arm should be kept straight on the back swing and through every shot until the ball has been struck. Except the putt, of course, I mean my left arm is kept straight, and I think the bending of that arm tends to make a chop instead of swing, and here is a point I am just learning. The left hand should be regarded as the master in the swing. I'm not sure it really is the master. I know the right hand provides the punch, or most of it. But if I get to thinking about the right hand, or ignoring the left, the right seems to get in too soon and all kinds of trouble results. By regarding the left as in control, I can get a sort of 'feel' in the stroke; and the right, no matter how ignored, comes in at the proper juncture. At Sunningdale, when I had those rounds of 66 and 68, qualifying for the British open, I felt as if I were literally making the shot with my left hand. It seemed I could not get off line. I felt as if I could spank that ball just anywhere I wanted. I'm going to study this phase seriously in the next few months and try to improve my game, which certainly has not been consistent this year."

Bobby is at odds with most of the critics here, but I passed that up for the oft-debated question as to how much thinking a player could do while a stroke was in progress and what, if anything, he should think about.

"Do you ever think about more than one thing while making a shot?" I asked.

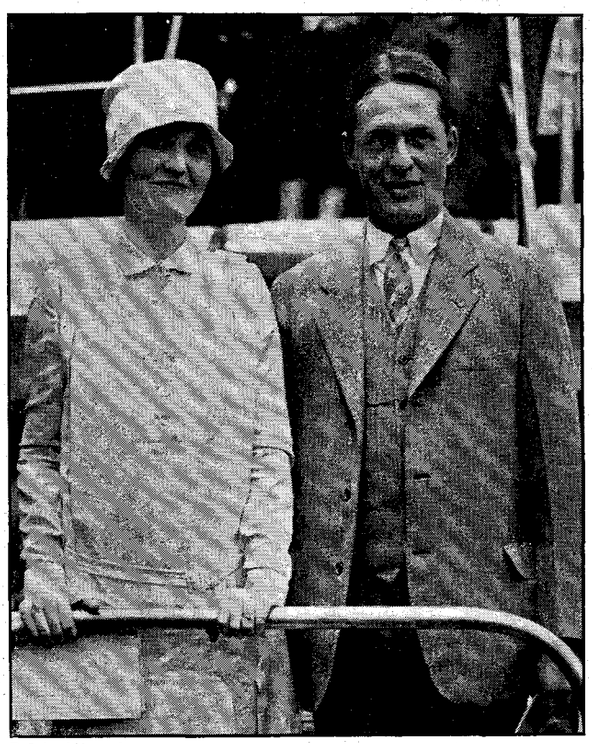
"If I do, I don't make the shot," he said emphatically. "I don't know if I think of even one thing. I never seem to remember. Maybe you recall that shot to the eighteenth green at Inwood in the play-off with Bobby Cruikshank?"

I recalled it well. That was the shot which won Bobby Jones his first major championship; a perfectly executed iron shot of 200 yards, finishing over water six feet from the pin. A championship rode on that shot. And next day on the train, Bobby asked me, somewhat shyly, if he took a long time over the shot, or played it promptly; and if he took a full swing or a three-quarters swing; he said he did not remember one single thing about the playing of that shot after he decided to go for the distant green.

"What did you think about last Saturday when you stood on the last tee at Scioto with a 480-yard hole on which to get a birdie four to go ahead of Joe Turnesa?"

Bobby grinned reflectively.

"I thought I'd sock this one," he replied, "but that was before I swung. I didn't think of anything consciously while I was swinging."



P. & A. photographs

MR. AND MRS. BOBBY JONES, OF ATLANTA

The returning champion was met in New York by his wife, a brass band, Mayor Walker, and several others, but his "home town" really outdid itself in his honor.

Well, comments Mr. Keeler, he socked 310 yards with the wind against him. And he got home with a spared mashied iron second and got the birdie four and won the championship. This indicates it pays not to think while swinging, observes the interviewer, and continues:

"There's another thing," said Bobby. "I try never to force a club any more. Rather than hit hard with a mashie, I take a No. 4 iron. It seems I can keep the 'feel' of that left hand better that way."

About the nerve strain in tournament play:

"There are two kinds of golf," said Bobby seriously. "There is golf—and tournament golf. And they are not at all alike, inside. I have found that out from experience, much of it bitter. I'm more nervous before medal competitions than matches. In a match you have a single human opponent who may make some mistakes. In medal play, you are up against Old Man Par, who never gets down in one putt, and never takes three.

"The first round of an open championship always causes me the most suffering. It's worse than the last, oddly enough. You see, in starting, I don't know how I'm going to be hitting my shots the first few holes. The start at Scioto was torture, because I had played wretchedly in practise and was uncertain if I could hit the ball decently. I do not think nervousness hurts my game. The more nervous I am, the better I play, usually. I suppose it means being keyed up. Some of the sloppiest rounds I have played I was not nervous at all. As to the strain, I don't seem to be conscious of it during a round. Afterward—well, I know something has been done to me. I sort of collapsed at Columbus, after getting back to the hotel. I was all in."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHIND *the* SCENES *of* THEIR LIVES

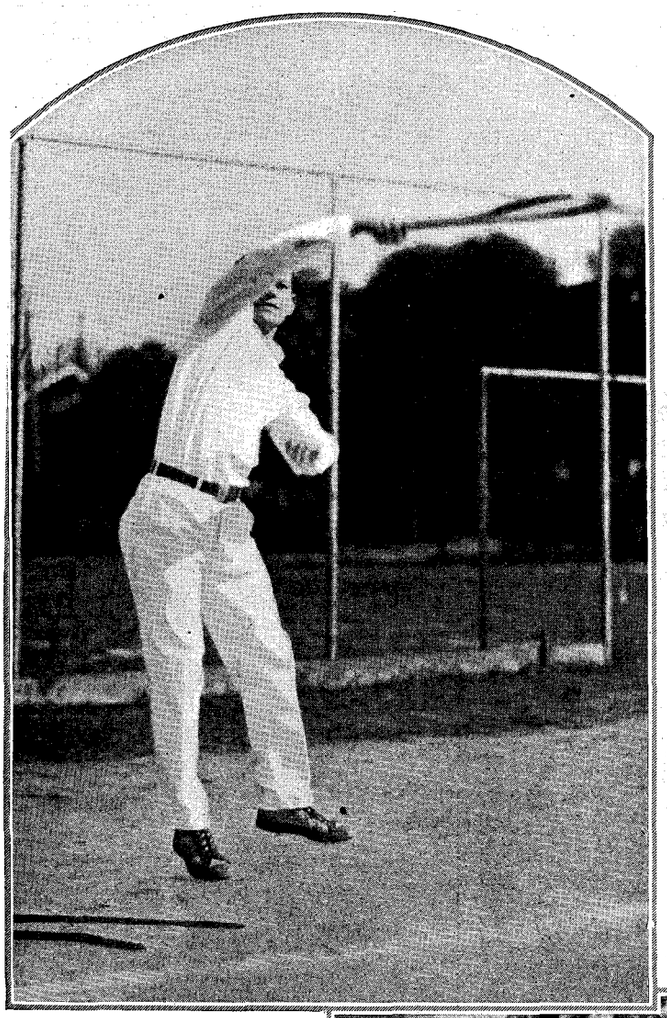
They banished constipation—corrected skin and stomach troubles—with one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

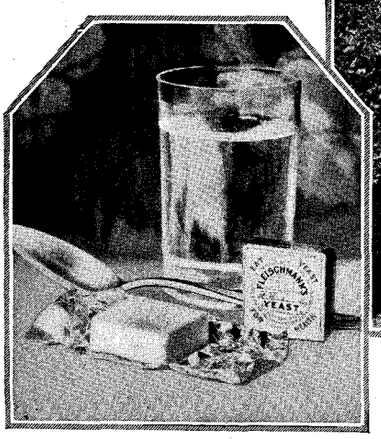
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-84, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS my face has been affected with pimples. On advice from friends I used practically everything that is known to cure pimples and received no benefit. They became worse instead of better. I had to stay home on account of my face and became like a hermit. It grew very embarrassing. I gave up dancing and many other popular amusements until my face should become clear. Finally I decided to try taking Yeast. Four months have passed and my face is completely free from pimples. I am still taking Yeast and always will."
DAVID H. SAFER, Jacksonville, Fla.

BELOW

"CONSTIPATION had been bothering me for many years. Finally my doctor suggested Yeast. I take this opportunity to say that after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for the past two months I have found it produced wonderful results. I recommend it highly." CARL W. WINDEL, Portsmouth, Ohio



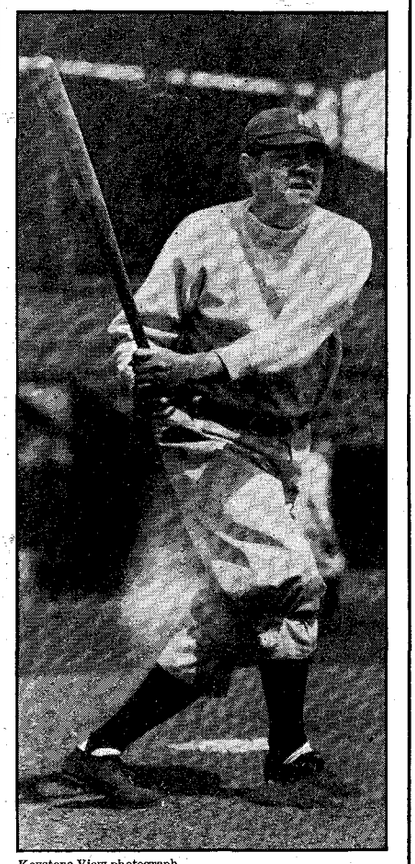
THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

"TWO YEARS AGO I was in a badly run-down condition. The very sight of food made me sick. My stomach could not retain medicine. My physician ordered me to take Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in warm water. I did this for three months until I was back to normal and feel better and stronger than ever before." BESSA HANSON, Hollywood, Cal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BABE'S BIG EFFORT TO COME BACK

A MOB OF OMAHA SIDEWALK FANS were gaping at the local *World-Herald* score-board, as it translated the progress of a ball game a thousand miles or more away. 'Twas an attentive but undemonstrative mob, sufficiently interested, as by ingrained habit, but on the whole silent, expectant, waiting to be shown. Suddenly a shout—a swelling, spreading, roaring tidal wave of delight. The mob has awakened. The released life force flashes in its eyes, thunders in its composite voice. What has come to pass, a thousand miles or more away, to work such a miracle in Omaha, and doubtless in many another place from ocean to ocean? Behold the answer on the score-board—Babe Ruth has hit another home run. Wow! The sun shines brighter. "God's in his heaven: all's right with the world." And a singular feature of this demonstration, as remarked by a *World-Herald* editorial writer, is that "perhaps none of those in the sidewalk bleachers had ever seen the New York Yankee swatsman." No; "he was only a name to them, a name and a photo familiar enough on the sporting pages, and a few sticks of type that indicate that this year he stands now better than an even chance of surpassing his famous 1921 record of fifty-nine home runs in one season." And the editorial proceeds to pay Omaha's respects to the Babe in these terms:



Keystone View photograph

WINNING BACK HIS CROWN

Will the effort last? Will the chastened Bambino permanently enthrone himself as the invincible Sultan of Swat? Go ask the stars of destiny, which at this writing seem to be winking cheerfully.

Ruth has been an erratic figure, much overtouted at times by industrious press agents, but always a colorful and rather engaging personality. It has been possible, at one time or another in his career, to use him as proof for all the platitudes. One could demonstrate, for example, that a poor orphan boy needed only perseverance in his chosen field to win success, or at another time one could prove by his failure that riotous living was ruinous to athletes.

This year, recovered from the slump that made him play so badly last year, once more in the top of physical condition, the mighty Bambino is slamming out homers at a rate to quicken the imaginations of every baseball fan in the country, whether he be a partizan of the sand-lots or one who can actually see Babe Ruth do it. If this baseball personality proves anything at all, he proves that the American people love to worship success, and that they get a whole lot bigger kick out of seeing Babe Ruth smash a baseball record than they get, say, out of a lower cost of living, or more reasonable taxes.

All of which gives point to the contention of Mr. Ruth's most faithful champions that his is a mighty, compelling, and propitious influence in the national game, and that he is richly entitled to respectful sympathy when he struggles sincerely to master the tendencies which got him into trouble last year. At the outset of a cordial article in *Liberty*, Hugh Fullerton inquires:

Can Babe Ruth, the Bad Boy of Baseball, come back?

Ruth, having been spanked, feeling his crown slipping, has made the most determined effort of his life to reform and regain his place as the greatest ball player in the world.

Upon his effort depends, to a large extent, the success of the New York Yankees in the pennant race of 1926, the outcome of the American League race, and, to a lesser extent, the prosperity of professional baseball.

It means millions of dollars to the Yankees and other clubs. But, overshadowing that in the interest of baseball fans, it means whether the greatest hero of the game can climb back to his pedestal or whether he is to be just another example of the star eclipsed by the bright lights.

Ruth—having thrown away more than a quarter of a million dollars, having been fined more than the average man makes in a lifetime, for violating the rules of his club; with health almost ruined and blamed for the wreck of a great ball club—has reformed again. He says seriously that he sees now what a "sap," a "boob," and a "sucker" he has been.

He has worked this winter as he never has worked before, with a determination to fight his way back to physical condition to play the "game of his life" during the coming season.

Huggins, manager of the Yankees, fined Ruth nine thousand dollars one time, five thousand dollars another, and several times one thousand dollars. His suspensions without pay have cost him perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars more. Besides, as Babe says, he fined himself twenty-five thousand dollars last fall by refusing to play exhibitions.

The big fellow seems sincere. When the season ended last year, he went hunting in Canada, and was so weak he could hardly stand the hardships. But he came through. Then he went into a New York gymnasium and worked three hours a day. He dieted, obeyed orders, and cut his weight down to the finest he had been in years. He had but one slip, and that brief, during the winter. He was converted.

Last fall, when Manager Huggins suspended and fined him, Babe was not at all convined he had done wrong.

Babe's standpoint is not ours, and few understand him. For, besides being the greatest attraction in baseball, he furnishes one of the most interesting studies of human beings. Lovable, big-hearted, simple, careless, reckless, easily led, seldom thinking or caring for consequences, Ruth is just a big, overgrown, naughty boy.

The boy who came from a reform school and rose to the greatest heights and the highest salary in baseball is interesting, no matter what he does. Babe's naughtiness has such a human quality and he errs so humanly and frankly, it must be as hard for managers and owners to punish him as it is for a parent to spank a mischievous child.

Nor is it fair to Ruth to judge him as you would judge other ball players. He is different: a genius. If you know the story of Babe's life perhaps you will be better able to understand and judge him.

And here Mr. Fullerton assumes the rôle of historian to the King of Swat, and enlightens us in certain matters which dispose a feeling heart toward forgiveness and tolerance. Thus we are told:

Ruth was born thirty-two years ago. His father was a butcher; a violent tempered, strong, and rough man. Babe's early childhood was one of pathos.

When he was seven years old he was taken to St. Mary's Industrial Home in Baltimore, a home school under the control of a brotherhood. The baseball reporters usually speak of the home as if it were some sort of a college. Babe uses no such camouflage.

"It was a reform school—and that's all there is to it," he says. "But it wasn't a place boys were sent for punishment. They were sent there for training. The brothers did everything in their power to bring out all the good there was in a boy and give him a chance."

Babe grew up in that school. He learned what he wanted to learn, but was not interested. But on the playground, with a baseball bat, Ruth become a leader—confident, aggressive. The inferiority complex resulting from his home surroundings and the classroom disappeared. He developed.

In the school was an excellent man, Brother Ben, who knew sports—and boys. As Ruth developed into the best ball player, the best pitcher, the best hitter in the school, the brother

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man with the Frightened Tongue

—do you know him?

BACK in the grade-school, he was the boy who knew the answer but couldn't "say it" when the teacher called on him. Even today his old diffidence is still a handicap. Introductions embarrass him—conferences find him as talkative as an oyster. He is the man with the frightened tongue.

And how often the man with the frightened tongue is also the man with the so-so suit! How much better a man can meet other men when his appearance concedes nothing to theirs! Indeed, good appearance is the foundation of poise—the basis of self-confidence. There is no more intelligent expenditure than money invested in good clothing.

Yet even the finest suit cannot do itself justice unless treated with the consideration it deserves. That is where the dry cleaner comes into the picture. Send him the suit which is beginning to show its age. He will return it so new-looking that you almost begin to search for the price-tag. The nap is restored, the fabric is freshened, every stain has been dissolved away—instead of tired, "dead" cloth there is the fine feel of the new cloth. You feel like starting a parade so that you can march at the head of it.

Call a modern dry cleaner—regularly! Every call is an investment in good appearance—in confidence—in success.

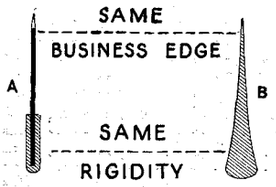
Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

CLOTHES *DO* HELP YOU WIN

—Dry Clean Them Oftener!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The same business edge as an old fashioned razor



THE chief difference between the Ever-Ready Blade and the hollow-ground straight razor is that *Ever-Ready has the keenest edge in the world.* Both have the same bevel edge—the same rigid backbone. But Ever-Ready is ground to a microscopic edge by scientific methods that cannot be used in straight razor manufacture.

Examine the Ever-Ready. Compare its sturdiness, its thickness, to the wafer type of safety razor blade. You'll see why Ever-Ready gives a smoother shave, a cleaner shave and more shaves. It cannot flex and scrape. It *has* to give an even stroke that doesn't miss a hair.

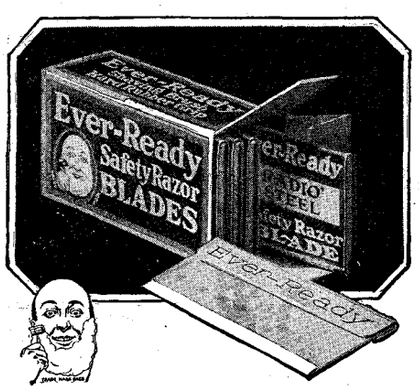
Men Brag About Ever-Ready Razors

because they're the finest razors that ever smoothed a face. Remember if your old Ever-Ready Razor isn't giving you the world's best shaves, our service department will replace it free. Send it to

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

watched and coached and encouraged him. Probably never before had Ruth been flattered, nor had he received any special attention. He becar e a wonderful player. When twelve years old he was as well developed as a boy of sixteen and excelled older boys at baseball.

In 1913 Babe had developed into a magnificent left-handed pitcher, rather wild, inclined to fight on the ball field (unless the brothers were watching), untamed, undisciplined; like a half-broken cub let loose.

Brother Ben believed Babe was destined to be a star, and some of these Catholic educators are as good judges of ball players as any one in the world. Brother Ben asked Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore International League Club, to give Ruth a trial.

Dunn is a clever baseball man. He went out to a game at the school, and, before five innings had been played, was enthusiastic about Ruth. He tied Babe in an agreement to play ball for him the next year, and in 1914, when Ruth was just turned eighteen, he was in a Baltimore uniform.

Babe did not remain with Baltimore long, as before the season was half over he was sold to the Boston American League team for ten thousand dollars, and, after a few days there, was sent to the Providence team for further seasoning. He did not remain long at Providence. His pitching was remarkable, and before the end of the season he was recalled to Boston.

He leapt into the limelight in 1915, winning eighteen and losing only seven games and batting .315. His work greatly aided the Red Sox in winning their championship of the American League and in capturing the world's championship.

In Boston Ruth met an influence, perhaps the best and greatest of his life, in Bill Carrigan, the manager. Carrigan showed how easily Ruth could be handled by those who understood him. His devotion to and his faith in Carrigan was that of a small boy in his father. He seemed to spend time trying to find out what Carrigan might want him to do in order that he might do it.

Here is an incident which throws a sidelight on his character. It was during one of the World's Series in which Babe had been a hero of one game which the Red Sox had won before a big gathering. That afternoon I was kept late at the baseball park, and the crowd had cleared away. It was dusk before my work as a newspaper correspondent was done.

A friend and I started to walk down-town. In a vacant lot a quarter of a mile from the park a swarm of small boys were yelling and shouting in great excitement. We stopt to watch them, and there was Babe, a bat in his hands, showing the kids how to hit a ball. He had stopt after all the plaudits of a world's series to play ball with the boys. Yet they wonder why he is an idol of the youngsters!

That love of youngsters and love of baseball are his two great traits. He never cared for money; doesn't now. I have a suspicion he never would even have argued about salary if his "friends" had left him alone.

From the time he broke into the big league Ruth always wanted to play regularly. He was a fairly capable outfielder, a good thrower, fast when under way, tho a little awkward. He also wanted to play first base, and was a fair, but never competent, first baseman.

In 1920 Ruth came into his own. Harry Frazee, who owned the Boston club, sold him to the New York Yankees for a sum reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for the services of an athlete. Becoming a New Yorker was perhaps the worst (and, in another way, the best) thing that could have happened to Ruth.

New York is a hero-worshiping city, and Babe was installed on Broadway's pedestal.

Ruth held his head fairly well in the face of the constant press agenting, and he didn't swell up. In fact, Babe never has had a case of swelled head, and he always has been the same easy-going fellow. He has had rows with umpires, tiffs with President Johnson of the American League, clashes with the owners of the club, and with Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball.

Ruth created a sensation by his hitting in 1920, the writer reminds us, and in 1921 "leapt to the climax of his fame" in this highly competent manner:

With the lively ball in play he started "crashing," and changed the entire game of baseball, upset all dope, ran up the amazing total of fifty-nine home runs in the season, and inaugurated an orgy of long-distance hitting such as never before was known.

Babe's money is a constant source of trouble to him. Sharpers and gamblers have preyed on him. In the spring of 1923, while he was in training camp at New Orleans, a girl he couldn't even remember sued him for fifty thousand dollars. Babe says he has lost and been defrauded of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Nor do the ordinary rules of condition seem to fit him. Two springs when he worked and devoted himself to training he played bad ball and failed to hit. Once, in disgust over a hitting slump, he went out, mopped up a lot of drinks, stayed out all night, and that afternoon crashed out two home runs, one the longest ever hit at the Polo Grounds.

Queer thing about Ruth's hitting ability: his eyes are not good and they are out of focus. He can not read much without blurred vision, and the doctors do not dare change the focus, for fear they may spoil his batting eye. But, perhaps, it is just as well he doesn't read what has been said recently about him. To use his own words:

"When they're off me, they're off me; and when they're on me, they're on me. I'll tell the world they are."

A careless, reckless, innocent-minded, overgrown boy and always trying to please where small boys are concerned. At Scranton, Pennsylvania, he once umpired a game between two kid teams and had to be rescued by the police when more than ten thousand of them crowded around trying to shake hands with him.

He has one of his own, by the way—Dorothy. His first two children died in early infancy, and when the third was born he and his wife kept it a secret. The baby was more than a year old before the reporters or the public knew about it. Then Babe had forgotten when she was born, and some one made a mystery of it. Babe said Dorothy was born February 2, 1921, while his wife said June 7, 1921.

Perhaps never in his spectacular career has Babe started a season with such good prospects as he did last year. The team seemed as strong as ever; Ruth went early

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Hot Springs and started work at his usual gait, sweating and working off pounds of surplus flesh. He flopped with the flu, recovered, and settled down to work. He seemed in better condition than ever, but continued to eat, drink, and work at a rate that took toll of his reserve powers. At Asheville he collapsed and became desperately ill. He started for New York, fell while on the train, arrived in New York in convulsions, and was hurried to a hospital.

There were many stories printed about what caused Ruth's collapse. One was that he ate a huge beefsteak, fried potatoes, a couple of chops, on top of a lot of whisky. Bob Boyd, a New York baseball writer, who ate with him, said Babe consumed a very light meal—toast and eggs—and was too sick to tackle much. Whatever the cause, Babe was a very sick man.

Ruth's collapse wrecked the Yankee team for 1925. Deprived of Ruth's great hitting power, which meant an average of nearly two runs a game during a season, the team went to pieces, became discouraged, and steadily fell behind.

Many of Ruth's critics have scolded and talked about how much money the club has invested in him and paid him and how much he owes it. From a purely financial standpoint, Ruth doesn't owe the Yankees a cent. He has been the best investment they ever made. He has drawn hundreds of thousands of dollars into their treasury and revived baseball when it was terribly sick.

Ruth, however, owes the ball fans, the public, and the kids a lot. He realizes that. He says very earnestly he intends to be good, to come back, and to show them all.

THE JOYS OF HUNTING WITH THE "HAOUND DAWG"

"SAY, where'd you put my hunting-boots?" is the anxious inquiry in many a well-regulated rural household, according to a writer who discourses with relish on the old-fashioned joys of pot-hunting. And he pictures the tumult that ensues as closets and attics are ransacked for the sweater and the old gray shirt, while "last year's red-flannel underwear is cut apart to clean a gun." Continuing in the Rochester *Herald*, the writer reminds us:

Old-timers, of course, not wrapt up in the daily routine of the business world, have quietly watched the passing of the weeks, knowing full well what was coming. Their plans have been under way for a month or more. Not theirs the hurried last-minute preparations that fail to give full dignity to their choice of sports, now at last almost to be enjoyed.

On the first morning that there is a smell of frost in the early autumn air, and there is a tinge of red on gold in the leaves of the red-maple trees, the old-timers uncase their guns and prepare to give them a thorough overhauling. A whole evening must be given to the process, with tales of old hunting days, recalled by the sight of the old gun, once again narrated, as the work goes on. Then there must be a careful count of the left-over shells reposing in the bottom of the case, and much serious thought and consideration given to the momentous question of whether the brand of shells be changed or the old sort used for another season.

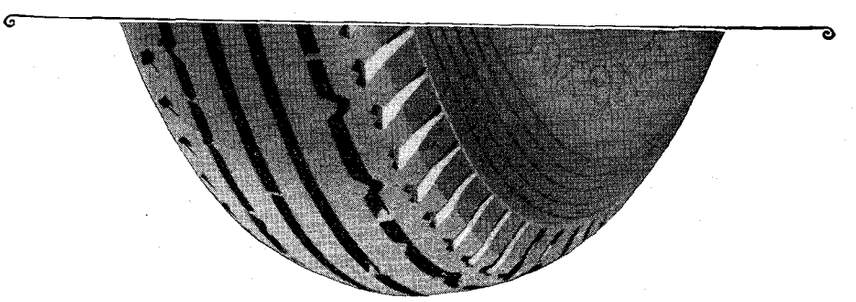
Lastly, these old hands at the game of hunting turn their attention to the dogs

It's the *Hylastic Cord

It's the Hylastic cord structure that makes each Mason Balloon such a sturdy, flexible, pneumatic cushion—saving both driver and car from the bumps and jolts of the road—giving greater comfort plus longer wear.

* Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON
BALLOONS



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Auto-Intoxication

—self-poisoning takes from nearly everyone some part of health—some part of vitality

AUTO-INTOXICATION is a direct result of the nervous, but physically inactive lives so many of us lead—lives crowded with things to do—but short on outdoor work—short on rest.

We ride in motors—we rarely walk. We over-eat, we under-exercise. All too often, food remains within us for more than twenty-four hours, fermenting, setting up the poisons which produce Auto-Intoxication.

And then the troubles start. Bad as these poisons are in bringing on lassitude, sudden fatigue and intestinal derangements, they have perhaps even a worse effect upon the central nervous system! For while they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make men and women nervous and irritable.

* * * *

Few of us are free from Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica prevents and relieves Auto-Intoxication because it promptly corrects "stoppage" and sweeps away the poisons from the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. By the mechanical action of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution, it induces prompt peristalsis.

It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so many of our troubles. It's a good rule to have a bottle in the house.

Made by
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., N. Y.

Sal Hepatica

© 1926

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

which have been running wild all summer. They must be brought back to their former good form, and so their training must be early taken in hand. Then, too, there are many puppies that must be given their first runs and tried out in the ways of the hunting-dog and taught all the intricate etiquette of the fields and woods.

There is a fine art alone to training a good rabbit dog, and great is the joy in the heart of the old master when his youngest puppy first gets the scent of a cotton-tail, and, true to his inherited instinct, unerringly follows the trail with his huge, ridiculous ears flapping in the breeze, giving mouth at just the right time. Then he boasts that he knew the dog was a good one, he knew that a bit of training would bring out the thoroughbred qualities the pup possest. And with great pride he exhibits the pup to comrades who understand.

In contrast, hard to bear is the action of a beagle pup who fails to know his destiny, to whom a rabbit is a rabbit and nothing more, and means no more than the brown leaves rustling down. Show him a bunny "sitting up" just a few feet away, and he will turn his sad eyes wearily, not in the least interested. Then will insult be added to injury if the pup proceeds in his irresponsible way to frisk away and start up a pheasant from the roadside. As the whirr of the wings comes from overhead, some sneering soul is sure to remark, "That beagle is sure a good bird dog," and another friendship of days gone by is completely shattered.

For beagle hounds are dedicated to the trailing of rabbits, and absolutely nothing else, we are told, just as their brothers, the fox hounds, follow no scent but that of Reynard. As we read:

Each breed is a specialist in the great game of hunting and is carefully trained to perform the service for which it is intended. From the time they are about nine months old, until they are a year and a half, beagle hounds and rabbit dogs receive hours of training, either from their owners or from professional trainers. Then they are ready for real service, continuing so until they are old veterans at the ages of ten or twelve years.

A well-trained dog can usually "start" a rabbit within half an hour after entering the woods early in the morning when the trails are fresh. For cotton-tails are about at night. When the dog stirs one from its nest and follows after, he instantly changes the tone of his call. Oftentimes he will not "speak" at all, but in either case his master knows at once whether or not he has located game.

Training, too, has taught dogs to retrieve and return to their owners at the shot of a rifle or shot-gun. This signal is used when a rabbit takes a dog too far away, or when it holes him.

There is nothing so thrilling, say seasoned hunters, as all this planning for the first hunting trip of the year. The old flannel shirt—somehow it has a potency that a new shirt can never own—is dug out of the old trunk where it has been packed since the season before. Moth-eaten and faded, it is handled as if it were the most precious velvet. And the old sweater, too, that has been preserved down through the years only by repetition each season of dire threats toward any one who dares to discard it, is dragged out of its hiding-place.

There seems to be a conspiracy among the womenfolk of the household to rob a hunter of a good old garment of this sort. Hunting would never be the same in a new one; and as laundering would quite probably result in complete disintegration of this old one, it is carefully preserved, unwashed, through the years.

Boots, perhaps, need oiling, and so out they come for a yearly application of tallow. Bought 'way back in the days before a hunting license was necessary, but yet one had reached the age, and size, to be included in father's hunting trips, they have given faithful service ever since. Soled, and resoled, sewn and mended year after year, mighty little of the original boots remain, but they rank with the sweater among a hunter's sacred possessions.

The evening before the opening of the season is usually spent in the joys of reminiscence. "Hunts of earlier times are lived over again, and stories of first rabbits or quail are swapped with listeners—old hunting pals—who give the most sympathetic attention to every detail, even if they have heard the stories dozens of times before." For instance:

"I was only eleven when I got my first cotton-tail," is the formula for starting many of the stories, with pauses between words as thoughts go back through the years to that youngster of eleven, or whatever year he may have been, when he first discovered that he could hold a gun from wobbling all over the skyline.

Learned by steady practise, too, was the art of walking in the woods without making a noise. With fascination that boy in his early teens listened to the stories of Indians who glided through almost impenetrable underbrush without a sound betraying their presence. And true to the youthful worship he gave to those first owners of the woods through which he was now making his way, he spent months trying to learn the Indians' secrets. From those early days the spirit of romance lingered always in those woods, as each year made every clod and tree in them more familiar. Now when comes again the first hunting day of the season, memory stirs, and one turns from man's estate back to earlier years before the coming of burdens and cares.

As the final preparation, a hunting license is bought, and then all plans are completed for the first day. Every hunter worthy of the name makes an endeavor to be in the woods on the day the season opens, and, with the superstition of boyhood days, he believes that his "luck" of that first day will follow him through until the season ends.

The woods must be reached by sunrise, and lunch must be packed before a start can be made. Quickly dispelled is all thought of further sleeping as the alarm clock begins ringing, when through the mind flashes the one word, "hunting." Eagerly and anxiously the foggy morning is examined in fear of storm. In a jiffy old clothes are donned and the dogs are collected for the start. Usually they are taken without being fed, so that they will be more anxious for the trail. They, too, know it is the first day of the season, and, frisking madly in all directions, they show their thankfulness for being included in the party.

Parties of four or five drive out through deserted streets in this hour of the morning when the whole world seems asleep, and over bumpy country roads to the farmhouse, where the car is parked for the day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The stillness is almost oppressive, the sleepy song of birds comes as loud as a brass band to city ears, and the brightly colored woods hold out their insistent invitation. The dogs, chained in the tonneau, have their noses pushed as far out as they can reach in their mad endeavor to wriggle their bodies out on the ground, so wildly do they dash around in their excitement.

Then just as the first rays are coloring the sky, clearing as if by magic the fog-hung woods, the dogs are allowed to run, getting fresh scents before the sun has had time to dry them.

"Who can ever forget," says one hunter to whom the first day of the season is of more importance, says his wife, than is his wedding anniversary, "the joy of that first morning when the hustle and bustle of town is left behind, when the irritation of incessant noises can be forgotten in the wonder of the sunrise?"

So these glorious, golden days mean much to those who are hunters born. From sunrise to sunset, through the cold morning and the noontime heat, they follow after the dogs, never seeming to grow weary.

Also we are reminded that as soon as the season opens "the ancient game of alibi-ing for poor shots will also begin," as well as that still more favored pastime of relating stories about the game that "got away." And the writer adds that the unwritten law between comrades of the field says that such alibis and stories must never be questioned.

No Alibi for the Choir.—A young clergyman gave out the weekly church notices as follows:

"On Thursday, God willing, there will be a mothers' meeting at 5 P. M.

"On Friday, God willing and the weather permitting, we will hold the church committee meeting at 7 P. M.

"On Saturday, in any case, there will be the usual choir practise at 6 P. M."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Parental Bluff.—"Me and wife raise our children in the good old-fashioned way," said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"That so?" returned an acquaintance. "How do you do it?"

"Well, their maw fusses at the girls from morning till night and then 'lows 'em to have their own way, and I quar'l and fight with the boys day in day out and let 'em do as they darn please."—*Kansas City Star.*

Welcome, Old Friend!—"Dear Doctor: My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?"

ANSWER—"Am sending THE LITERARY DIGEST by return mail."—*True Story.*

She Had Tested It.—"My razor doesn't cut at all."

"Why, Henry, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oilcloth?"—*Outlook.*

Girls Too Jolly?—JOLLY FELLOWS' CLUB, 1365 Sacramento, will not be resp. for bills contracted by its Ladies' Auxiliary.—*Ad in a San Francisco paper.*

Dustless Roads for City and Country
No town need endure clouds of road dust. Roadside homes and stores can get relief from the dust nuisance by asking local officials to apply moisture absorbing DOWFLAKE to the surface of dusty roads.
DOWFLAKE absorbs several times its weight in moisture from the air and holds the moisture in the road surface. The moisture binds fine surface material to the road, keeps down the dust and saves the road itself for a longer period of usefulness. There is nothing sticky or oily about DOWFLAKE and no odor. There is nothing to track into homes. DOWFLAKE brings clean moisture and the moisture does the work.
Heavy motor traffic makes dust prevention necessary. If motorists and roadside dwellers will ask local officials to apply DOWFLAKE they will not only be sure of dust control but will also save the waste of tax money in keeping up a dry crumbly road. Maintenance costs are much lower on a highway that is moisture bound with DOWFLAKE.
We will gladly send our book "How To Control Dust" to your neighbors and highway officials if you will send the names of those you wish to receive it. Ask your officials about it at once if road dust annoys you.
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
163 Water St. Midland, Michigan
Branch Sales Offices
90 West Street, New York City
Second & Madison Sts., Saint Louis
PATENTED FEBRUARY 17 - 1925
DOWFLAKE
CALCIUM CHLORIDE
DOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GEORGIA BANK FAILURES

THE FAILURE WITHIN A FEW DAYS of over a hundred small banks in Georgia and Florida seems "an almost cyclonic banking disaster" to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, altho it is "received with comparative indifference by a community sated during the past five years with the news of more than 2,500 bank failures in all parts of the country." This important business newspaper is convinced that "there is a disastrous condition in American banking, and it shows itself from time to time by outbreaks of the kind now taking place in Georgia, while it continues steadily and constantly to produce a disastrous harvest of failures." But most of our papers manifest no alarm, noting that all but one of the suspended banks are very small, that most of them belong to a single chain of banks, and that they are necessarily affected by the recent deflation of the Florida boom. "Nothing to alarm anybody," is the opinion of the Birmingham *News;* the symptom seems to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* "to be very much more extensive than the disease"; in view of the country's industrial activity, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* sees no need for "gloom over the failure of a restricted group of Southern banks." The New York *World* points out that, unlike the Western bank failures of two years ago, the failure of the Georgia banks has no direct bearing on agricultural conditions in the State, the soundness of which is asserted by many authorities. A number of press commentators find in Georgia an example of the overdoing of the chain bank idea, as well as the tendency toward overbanking which has been evident in other parts of the country. Several Northern papers, including *The American Banker* of New York, find here a text for homilies on the dangers of branch banking and lament that Congress adjourned without taking action on the McFadden bill with its provisions for limiting branch banking.

The closing of eighty-five Georgia and thirty-two Florida banks was occasioned by the suspension of the Bankers' Trust Company of Atlanta, which, according to the receivership petition, was unable to pay money owed to a Florida bank. Most of the banks closed are capitalized at around $15,000 to $25,000. Federal Treasury authorities in Washington are quoted in a Baltimore *Sun* dispatch as saying that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with banking conditions in Florida and Georgia, despite the string of collapses. "Inflated land values were regarded as one of the causes of the trouble, but the chief blame was laid on the system of operation by which the funds of banks in the fallen chain were utilized." Practically all of these closed banks were members of a chain of 120 banks operating in Georgia and Florida. T. R. Bennett, State Superintendent of Banks of Georgia, has issued a statement which we quote in part from the Georgia papers as follows:

> There is nothing wrong with Georgia or her financial institutions. The present flurry is due entirely to causes originating outside the State and does not indicate any weakness on the part of Georgia banks. But for the difficulties of the Bankers' Trust Company, brought about by conditions in Florida, not a bank in Georgia would have closed. When it was announced that the trust company was no longer in position to finance the banks for whom it had acted as financial agent, these banks were immediately thrown on their own resources. Before they could adjust themselves and make new connections, all sorts of wild rumors were started, and at quite a number of places runs on the banks were begun. To prevent the depletion of their assets pending the forming of new connections, it seemed to many banks necessary to suspend active business. As soon as they can readjust themselves, it is confidently believed that a large proportion will reopen, as the reports show that most of the banks which have suspended are solvent and many of them in excellent condition.

The trouble with the present situation is not with the banks, it is with the people. Let Georgia's sober common-sense resume its sway and the flurry will soon be over, and many of the banks will begin again to serve their communities.

The Governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank, Mr. M. D. Wellborn, points out that "none of the banks that have closed their doors are members of the Federal Reserve System." Their closing, he insists, has nothing to do with economic conditions. He is quoted as saying in an Atlanta dispatch to the New York *Times* that "the crop in Georgia is virtually made and suspension of the small country banks should have no material effect on the general prosperity of the State." In a statement for the Consolidated Press he repeats his belief that these failures will not "cause any serious trouble in business circles depending upon banking accommodations, for there are ample banking facilities in Georgia to take care of all necessary demands." And he adds: "It is a well-known fact and one freely commented upon that there are too many small banks in Georgia. In fact, the State is overbanked."

Aside from these chain banks, says the Macon *Telegraph* in Georgia, the banks of Georgia "are in better condition than they have been since the inflated period of the war and immediately after." *The Telegraph* expects the State Banking Department, with the cooperation of leading bankers, to go to the bottom of the trouble and to decide whether the banking laws of the State need revising or whether the supervisory system is defective,—"other bankers of the State knew earlier in the year that these chain banks were loaded up with Florida paper and the banking department should have known it." Says another Georgia paper, the Savannah *News:*

> It is very plain that many of the loans made by the banks in the system, through their financial agent, were made upon securities the value of which was highly speculative, that is, upon securities issued by Florida subdivisions and the like which suffered very sharply when it became necessary for Florida to get on a solid instead of a speculative basis.
>
> Just as with many other sorts of businesses, it is folly to overload a community with banks, just as it would be with newspapers. In small places, where the business does not require it, there should not be three or four banks organized. Perhaps the State laws might well be amended so as to cover this phase of the all-important business of banking. Unless a community is big enough for a bank, why should there be one? Unless it is big enough for two, why should there be more than one?

Again and again in a leading editorial the Atlanta *Constitution* insists on the soundness of economic conditions in Georgia. It believes, however, that the State legislature has a distinct duty to perform at its next session:

> The State banking laws should prohibit a bowling-alley system of small country banks—that is to say, a system that depends upon one fountain-head that must, in falling, pull down even temporarily the other links in the system, like the throwing of ten pins. They should prohibit such parent institution from either speculating or investing in so-called frozen credits any of the resources of the members of the chain. They should prohibit the personal speculations of the officers of any such fountain-head, or parent institution, certainly in any way that touches or involves institutional finances. They should prohibit small banks, within prescribed capital and resources, from investing in frozen credits, or from loaning on any but liquid security, quickly negotiable at any time without recourse.
>
> Georgia's small banks, on the whole, including those in the chain that is now embarrassed, are strong and substantial and most of the closed banks will, no doubt, shortly reopen. But such temporary embarrassments could be alleviated if the Assembly would prohibit a repetition of that which has caused the present status in this particular chain. In the meantime

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two *incomes* are better than one

FORWARD-looking workers in every sphere—wage earners, salaried men, business men, professional men—make it a regular practice to invest part of present earnings in good bonds. In this way they build up a second income free from ordinary hazards and pave the way for financial independence.

May we help you plan a bond investment program which has independence as its goal? Investment counsellors in our offices in more than fifty leading cities throughout the country stand ready to analyze your needs and to suggest suitable offerings.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS · ACCEPTANCES

SHORT TERM NOTES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortify for Fire Fighting

IMPROVED **Pyrene** EXTINGUISHER

TALK to your garage man about the Improved PYRENE.

When gasoline or oil catches fire, PYRENE is THE logical extinguisher.

Thousands of automobiles and garages have been saved by PYRENE. It works quickly. Operates easily. Will not damage the metal, paint, woodwork, upholstery or any part of the car.

Keep PYRENE handy — ready for the unforeseen emergency.

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE SAVES LIFE

Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers.

173

Refresh the mouth! Ease the throat!

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

Give quick relief for summer colds!

IN THE YELLOW PACKAGE

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JAN. 29 MEDITERRANEAN, $600 up; JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD, $1250 up. SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS. REASONABLE RATES INCLUDE HOTELS, GUIDES, DRIVES, FEES.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

GOING TO THE SESQUI IN PHILADELPHIA?

Write or wire for reservations at

The GLADSTONE 11th and Pine Sts. Capacity, 1500
OR
MAIDSTONE HOTELS Spruce below Broad Capacity, 500

Bath or Showers with Every Room
Single Room, $5.00 and up
Double Room, $9.00 and up

"In the Heart of Everything"

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Georgia's manifold resources make her a Gibraltar of economic strength.

The Birmingham *News* in Alabama thinks it amazing that there should not have been more bank crashes considering "the huge amount of speculation and rather frenzied and informal realty trading in Florida." *The News* adds that most of the banks have merely suspended temporarily until the affairs of the Atlanta Bankers' Trust Company can be straightened out. This is all an inevitable part of the Florida deflation, thinks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and "both Florida and Georgia will be the better off when it has run its full course." "The bursting of the Georgia bubble," the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* contends, "will not take away real value from Florida any more than the collapse of the Mississippi bubble took away real value from the Mississippi Valley territory." The Albany *Knickerbocker Press* remarks that "there will be other crises of the same sort unless and until Florida establishes that firm industrial backbone which it eventually must have behind its resort, land, and citrus structure to take up the peaks and slacks."

Turning to the financial press, we find *The Wall Street Journal* emphasizing the prevalence of overbanking in times of prosperity:

So long as boom times last everything goes merrily along. If the local "independent" bank is linked up to a "chain" organization there is no lack of funds to loan. Money is transferred from other localities, with the consequence that more banking credit is often pumped into a section than is justified by normal growth. Bank "chains" flourish by transferring idle funds from one section to loan out in another where there is greater activity. Over a countrywide stretch, where seasonal commercial and agricultural demands have full effect, this method may be advantageous and is sometimes put forward in favor of Canadian branch banking. But when confined to a restricted territory or when the "chain" is made the means of furthering a local development at the expense of agricultural demands in other sections there is bound to arise sooner or later a breakdown in the system.

This is what has happened in Florida, with its counter reflection in the numerous bank failures now occurring in Georgia.

We are told by the New York *Journal of Commerce* that "we have in the United States to-day a so-called chain banking system in which unregulated and uncontrolled banking attains its most perfect form of development." This paper hopes that the conference committee which has the McFadden bill in charge will "give its branch bank provisions complete reorganization and incorporate with them the necessary protective safeguards which would eliminate at least some of the principal risks involved in chain banking as at present practised." A number of daily papers in various parts of the country, including the New York *Times*, Newark *News*, Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, Topeka *Capital* and Wichita *Eagle*, discuss the Georgia failures as an evidence of some of the dangers lurking in branch banking. And as *The American Banker* (New York) puts it, "chain banking is nothing but branch banking in another form"—

What has happened in Georgia is an illustration of the fact that branch banking systems are far from failure-proof. In fact, for branch banking to be safer over a term of years than independent banking, one must permit the existence of branch banking systems radiating from the great city banks where a large measure of diversification of risk can be obtained; otherwise, the difference is liable to be that instead of few isolated failures of independent banks, every now and then some system becomes generally involved, and a failure occurs where dozens of banking offices are closed, and where dozens of communities are affected.

Limited branch banking in agricultural States is a makeshift. It is a hybrid. The only kind of branch banking that has any argument toward greater safety is that where the great banks of large cities are able to spread their branches throughout the country. If local financial control is desired, the best way to obtain it is under our independent banking system.

The Family Privilege.—THE LITERARY DIGEST boasts that one-third of our physicians and surgeons are on its subscription list. But where, we wonder, does a doctor keep his copies until they are old enough to appear in the waiting-room?—*The New Yorker.*

Knew His Business.—JUDGE—"Do you mean to say you stood by and let your wife be brutally assaulted by the prisoner without rendering any help?"

WITNESS—"Well, I didn't think he needed any help."—*Humorist (London).*

Passing the Buck.—PHYSICIAN—"But, my dear sir, I can not prescribe whisky for you unless I am convinced that you need it. What are your symptoms?"

PATIENT—"What symptoms would you suggest, doctor?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Or a Boy.—

In the swimming season
Goodness knows,
It's hard to keep
A girl in clothes.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Started Something.—"What became of that hired hand you got from the city?"

"Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and the doggoned idiot crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."—*Santa Barbara News.*

A Cryptic Crime.—State vs. Charley Cooper—driving car while tinceiotida-ETAOINRDLSH Fined $200.00 and cost, and probated twelve months.—*Georgia paper.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 14.—Thirteen men, including six members of the Turkish Parliament and two former deputies, are hanged in public at Smyrna for having plotted to kill Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of Turkey.

July 15.—Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, assures Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, chief United States Prohibition enforcement officer, of Great Britain's desire to cooperate in the suppression of rum-running into the United States, says a dispatch from London.

Eight people are killed and about ninety wounded in an outbreak between Moslems and Hindus in Calcutta, India.

The Belgian Parliament, by an overwhelming majority, appoints King Albert dictator over the finances of Belgium for six months.

July 16.—Official announcement is made in London that the negotiations for the sale of the White Star Line to Furness, Withy & Company, an English firm, are called off. Inability to agree upon terms is said to be the cause.

Bennet J. Doty, of Memphis, Tennessee, charged with deserting from the French Foreign Legion "before armed rebels," in Syria, is sentenced to eight years at hard labor. The American attributes his desertion to acute homesickness.

July 17.—A landslide is reported to have buried a railroad train near Sarajevo, Bosnia, and killed 117 people.

Aristide Briand's tenth cabinet is defeated in the French Chamber of Deputies on the issue of Joseph Caillaux's demand for dictatorial powers to solve the nation's financial difficulties.

July 18.—Edouard Herriot, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, and former Premier, is requested by President Doumergue to form a new ministry, following the downfall of Premier Briand.

Three former Premiers of Greece are exiled on charges of having plotted to overthrow the Government and assassinate President Pangalos.

July 19.—The French Premier, Edouard Herriot, forms his new cabinet, with himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Anatole de Monzie as Minister of Finance.

July 20.—Deputy Morinaud, of the Radical Left, announces, according to a dispatch from Paris, that he has procured signatures of 250 Deputies to a petition demanding that President Doumergue of France form a Ministry of National Union, regardless of politics, to deal with the financial situation.

Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky, chairman of the Supreme Council of National Economy of the Russian-Soviet Government, who achieved notoriety as head of the Cheka, the Soviet's secret police, dies at Moscow. He was forty-nine years old.

DOMESTIC

July 14.—Thirteen known dead, eighteen missing and many injured is the toll of

7 points about LONGVIEW Washington

The New Industrial City of the Pacific Northwest

1 The Beauties of Longview

Miles of boulevards bordered with grass, trees and flowers; a crystal lake which is part of a million-dollar gift to the city by one of Longview's benefactors; a civic center park of surpassing beauty; a park equipped for automobile tourists; pretty lawns everywhere; the mighty Columbia River; mountains with innumerable places of scenic grandeur in every direction.

2 The Climate of Longview

No extremes of temperature; near by an ocean current which warms in winter and cools in summer; sleep under blankets in July; the grass always green and flowers nearly the year around; the latitude the same as Southern France; a city of out-door life—zestful, healthful, restful; the vicinity, a sportman's paradise.

3 The Architecture of Longview

A city of beauty in its architecture—*permanent*—built in harmony and for utility; every structure new. Pride is real in Longview—every building and its setting reflects it. Visitors marvel at the public buildings—railway station, library, school, hotels and hospital.

4 Community Life in Longview

Clean, moral; its government non-partisan—an independent American city, its people loyal to their town; splendid schools, community church, Y. M. C. A., theaters, Chamber of Commerce, baseball park, golf, tennis, social clubs for men, women and children.

5 The Location of Longview

On the Columbia River, half-way between Portland and the Pacific Ocean—the ocean only 50 miles away; served by rail by the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Great Northern, and Longview, Portland & Northern. Columbia River docks, 3,000 feet long, accommodate the largest ocean freighters. (On a recent day, four freighters were loading—two for Japan, one for Australia, one for New York.) Two famous paved highways bring automobile tourists to Longview—Pacific Highway and Columbia River Highway. Ocean Beach Highway, now building, will give another connection with the ocean.

6 Opportunities in Longview

Manufacturing plants of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, largest in the world, are at Longview. The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company is building large lumber plants here, which, when complete, will make Longview's lumber output one of the largest at any single point in the world. (75 per cent of the manufacturing cost of lumber goes for labor. This means huge payrolls and large population from this industry alone.) The proximity of vast and varied timber is attracting other wood-working industries, and pulp wood the paper industries. Standard Oil Company operates here the only marine fueling station between Portland and the ocean. Soil of marvelous richness, never-failing blue grass and water are bringing the farmer and dairyman and fisheries, fruit and vegetable growing, the canner.

7 Investments in Longview

Three years ago, the site of Longview was a valley of farms. Today, without a "boom," or the use of boom methods, Longview is a growing, thriving city of nearly 12,000. Longview's unexcelled assets are. Strategic location in relation to limitless, untouched resources; transportation advantages; the vast territory it can serve; its climate; its expertly planned arrangement; its fine living conditions which are attracting good people. These advantages offer genuine opportunity to persons who seek a place for industry, who seek property investment, who seek an ideal place in which to live.

The Longview Company
Longview, Washington

SEE THE ENTIRE PACIFIC COAST. STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES AT ALL IMPORTANT CENTERS, INCLUDING LONGVIEW. ASK ANY RAILROAD REPRESENTATIVE.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY,
Longview, Washington. Dept. 13

Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Longview, Washington, with special reference to .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does Your Speech Betray You?

Fluent, grammatical speech is the outstanding characteristic of a captivating personality. Be they ever so handsome or clever, men and women impress others most by their speech—not only by *what* they say but by the *way* they say it. A well modulated voice is a subtle but convincing mark of good breeding. Few are the ambitions denied to the man or the woman who can speak fluently, convincingly, winningly, to one or a thousand persons. Without the command of perfect speech one is handicapped on every side. If you would become a charming conversationalist, a forceful and skilful public speaker, one who would wield more influence and power in business and social life, write for

Free Confidential Information

showing how Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course in Public Speaking will not only teach you how to speak without notes at dinners and meetings, but how it will increase your self-confidence and give you a good memory, build up and augment your personal power and influence, and improve your use of the English language; how it will teach you to argue effectively and winningly—to present a proposition logically and forcefully; how it will teach you to hold attention—to think on your feet. Just say on a Post-card: "Tell me by mail about the Kleiser Course in Public Speaking," or write your name in margin of this ad and mail it to

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 968, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

WHAT'S *YOUR* BIRTHDAY?

What day did Columbus discover America? What day was Julius Cæsar slain? What day was Panama Canal opened? What day was the *Shenandoah* dirigible destroyed in 1925? All these days and thousands of others you can easily find out from

THE PERFECT CALENDAR
By HENRY FITCH

Designed for Practical Every-day Use by Business and Professional Men

Requires no manipulation or adjustment. You not only find out days of past events but also the day of any future date up to Dec. 31, 2000! Contains list of important events in history from 10,000 B. C. to 1926 A. D.!

8vo. Fabrikoid. $1.50, net; $1.60, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

When You Visit the Sesquicentennial Exposition

don't fail to call at the Funk & Wagnalls Company's booth, Liberal Arts Palace, Group E. You will find there a display of representative publications, original paintings of Literary Digest covers, progressive color-plates of Standard Dictionary illustrations, etc.

There will be on hand a supply of specially prepared stationery for the free use of Literary Digest subscribers. Souvenir catalogs of the Funk & Wagnalls Company's publications will be distributed gratis. Current issues of The Literary Digest, The International Book Review, and The Homiletic Review will be on sale.

You are cordially invited to visit our booth and take advantage of the facilities it offers.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
LIBERAL ARTS PALACE, Group E, Sesquicentennial, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

TORTURES of HAY FEVER!

If you are a sufferer, lose no time in getting Dr. Wm. C. Hollopeter's new helpful book,

HAY FEVER

Its Prevention and Cure

Newly revised edition. Explains the best practise of the day in treating Hay Fever, and gives much recently discovered information about this baffling disease. In securing the relief afforded by the System of Treatment described in this book, it is advisable to begin some time before the hay fever season sets in. Dr. Hollopeter is a recognized authority on Hay Fever and his book will be of interest to physicians as well as their patients. 424 pages.

12mo. Cloth. $2, net; $2.14, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

a fire which destroys Twilight Inn, at Haines Falls, New York.

Forty-eight Georgia banks and the Bankers' Trust Company of Atlanta, operating company for 120 banks in the State, have been closed since July 12. the Georgia State Department of Banks announces. The closing is attributed largely to the appointment of a receiver for the Bankers' Trust Company.

In an address to the American Bar Association, Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago urges an "unprejudiced, scientific investigation of the facts" concerning the effects of Prohibition, and suggests that the investigation be "at the direction of the Congress of the United States and be conducted by a commission the personnel and connection of which should be a sufficient guaranty of the accuracy and honesty of its conclusions."

July 16.—The Philippine Legislature adopts a resolution demanding "complete, absolute, and immediate independence."

July 17.—The Treasury Department makes public a letter written by Secretary Mellon just before his recent departure to Europe in which he says that there is no public demand for cancelation of the debts due to the United States and that all the debtor nations, except Russia, have recognized their debts and offered to pay.

July 20.—The Corn Belt Committee, made up of representatives from twenty-eight farm organizations of the North Central States, meeting in Des Moines, condemns the defeat of the McNary-Haugen bill and demands "protection for all or protection for none."

Too Accessible to be Real.—CITY URCHIN (in the country for the first time)—"This is just like grass, ain't it?"

LITTLE FRIEND—"Why, it is grass, Chimmie."

URCHIN—"No, it ain't, cos yer don't have to keep off it."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Pedestrian Hasn't a Chance.—Auto Kills Four Every Two House in U. S. Is your auto equipped with my INVISIBLE ACCESSORY? If not, come in and get one. You need it at every turn.—*Ad in a Pennsylvania paper.*

Obliging Its Folks.—"This plant," said the gardener, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away."—*Progressive Grocer.*

The Gentle Art of Boosting.—
SILK DRESSES
at $7.95
THE USUAL $5.00 VALUES
—*Ad in the Charleston News and Courier.*

The Jungle Detective.—GREENHORN—"And how can we tell when we're near an elephant?"

BORED COMPANION—"You'll detect a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."—*Life.*

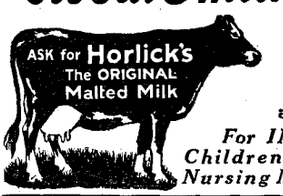
Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
68 GOOD HEALTH BLDG., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
ACTS LIKE MAGIC
ON TIRED, TENDER, SMARTING, SWOLLEN, SWEATY FEET
25 CENTS — ALL DRUGGISTS

Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

PATENTS. Write for our free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank," before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of invention for Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention. Highest References. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.
759 9TH WASHINGTON, D. C.

SWIM WELL!

Know the best strokes; how to get the greatest speed from the least effort; how to float and dive, play water polo; how to save life; resuscitation, etc. **"Swimming Scientifically Taught,"** by Frank Eugen Dalton and Louis C. Dalton, shows you how quickly, easily. Wonderfully illustrated. Thousands of copies sold. 6th edition. *12mo. Cloth. 195 pages. $1.50, net; $1.64, post-paid.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

FREE
How To Develop Your Power of Achievement

THIS instructive FREE Booklet is packed with information on such topics as, Psychology Reduced to Easy Simple Language; How to Apply Psychology in Salesmanship; in Public Speaking; in Retail Selling—Psychology Applied by the Professional Man—Your Undiscovered Resources—Source of Will Power—How to Avoid Worry—How Ideas Are Created—The Ability to Read Men, etc. We will also send full particulars of the literature of the Society of Applied Psychology and how it has won promotion, more income and influence for thousands.

Just ask, on a post-card, for "How to Develop Your Power of Achievement," or mail this advertisement, writing your name and address in the margin. It will be sent by sealed mail, FREE.

THE LITERARY DIGEST, Dept. 969, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alert Women of 1926

MEN have always held curious ideas about women. They delight in generalizations about a sex which is infinitely various.

In his own home the male is habitually an unobservant creature. Leaving after breakfast and returning at dusk, he judges the household doings by what he sees in the morning rush, the evening hush or the abnormal régime of the week-end.

Man is prone to separate women offhand into two broad classes—the Always-at-Homes and the Never-at-Homes. The first, says he, are the nation's housekeepers; they cook, sew, clean, care for the children; they never go anywhere or do anything outside their own four walls, and each day's great event is the homecoming tread of milord. The others are the clubwomen, who play all the bridge, pour all the tea, serve on all the committees and make all the speeches; never bothering their buzzing heads with such matters as food for the master or shoes for the babies.

All of which is patently exaggerated when written down; yet it is precisely what hovers in the back of some masculine minds, prejudicing their actions in such practical matters as selling and advertising to women.

If you will look it up you will find that 89.9 per cent. of the women of America have no servants, and that nevertheless there are millions of members of the women's clubs.

Every day and everywhere women are driving through their housework in order to snatch a few hours in the afternoon for sport or culture or public affairs.

An observer in any town may witness the famous five o'clock scramble when the meetings and parties break up so that each wife may dash home and start the supper before her husband looms in sight.

Men who do not try to do so, simply do not understand the alert women of 1926.

The alert women are not those who have jewels and servants, ancestors and college degrees, large bank accounts and large leisure.

The alert women are found in every stratum of every community, at every income level. Most of them are doing their own work. Most of them are also doing their share of the community's work—much more, it may be said, than their men are doing, in church and club, for hospital and charity, in politics and the arts, for neighborhood, city, state and nation.

With the same pencil the alert woman writes down the shopping list and the notes for her discussion at the reading circle. Over the same telephone she orders the family food and reminds twenty fellow club members of the meeting to-morrow. In the same magazine she seeks out new home equipment and studies to keep abreast of the affairs of the world outside.

You can not, however, safely generalize about alert women. They have no common characteristic except their alertness. They number several million, scattered widely, varying in buying power, social standing and education. Each is well known in her circle of intimates and acquaintances as a center of influence, one whose word of mouth carries conviction and whose example is forceful. Merchants know her, seek her trade and recommend to other customers the goods which she favors.

By the very fact of their alertness, these women become readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST. As shown by exact analysis, there are now 2,415,086 women and girls reading this weekly magazine. A women's market of great size and unmatched influence.

The Literary Digest

ADVERTISING OFFICES: NEW YORK, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

Swearing in the Fathers.—There will be a roll call of the signers of the Declaration of Independent and those present will take the American pledge.—*Texas paper.*

Playing Safe.—"Is your husband trying anything to cure his deafness?"

"No; he has postponed it until the children have finished their piano lessons."—*Boston Transcript.*

Name Your Fancy.—Mosquito Bars, holy Bibles, sheets, pillow cases, house-furnishing goods, on Easy Credit Payments.—*Ad in a Texas paper.*

Young and Tender, We Hope.—It is not an easy matter to keep from eating a few aunts, while some savage races like them and eat them with intent.—*Jacksonville paper.*

Got Its Sheepskin.—"Yvonne is looking old," said Claudine.

"Eh-yah!" returned Heloise, the head waitress. "Her schoolgirl complexion seems to have graduated."—*Collier's.*

A Fellow Feeling.—STINGY PATRON (in billiard room)—"These cues want tipping very badly."

ATTENDANT—"Yes, sir, I know just how they feel."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Plea for More Scenery.—Flo Ziegfeld admits that his most profitable theatrical ventures were shows in which the chorus ladies were rather thoroughly clad. Even the tired business man must weary of the great, open spaces.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Our Stony Planet.—"This is a hard world," said Pat as he knocked off for the day.

"Yis," said Mike, "Oi be thinking the same ivery toime I put me pick into it."—*Good Hardware.*

Moonshine in Demand.—
$1,791 STILL IS NEEDED
TO ASSURE $5,000 FUND
—*Headlines in an Alabama paper.*

Rough on Unbelievers.—ATTENTION TO PROPERTY OWNERS, where there is no city sewer, use Hartford sceptic tank. Is the same as city sewer.—*Ad in a Hartford paper.*

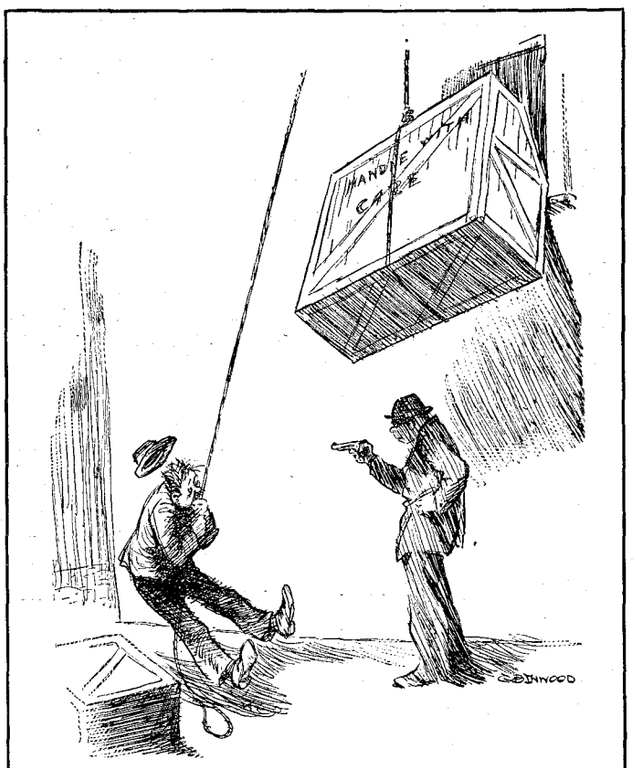
A Vindictive Wraith.—
JEALOUS LOVER GIVES
WOMAN POISON WINE
AFTER KILLING SELF
—*Headlines in an Albuquerque paper.*

Ephemeral Bliss.—"Did y'-all know Mazy Brown was a-goin' marry Rastus Dixon?"

"Laud-a-massy, chile, dat nigger'll leave her 'fo' her weddin' ring turns green."—*Life.*

And the Ladies?—BILL SCHRAFT is reported as being confined to his home by illness. His man friends are hoping for his speedy recovery.—*Florida paper.*

A Friend in Need.—
"'Tis hard to be poor," sighed the artist,
"Ah, 'tis hard to be poor," said he.
"Oh—that's all right," said the sketch pad,
"If you're broke, just draw on me."
—*London Opinion.*



A HOLD-UP THAT FELL FLAT

THE BANDIT: "Stick up your hands, Bo!"

—*Judge.*

Stimulating Shocks.—
EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS
CONTINUE TO GROW
—*Headlines in the New York Times.*

A Fundamentalist.—
Portuguese Must Face Grand
Jury On Immortality
Accusation.
—*Portchester (N. Y.) paper.*

Stung.—PLAYWRIGHT (greeting a friend in the theater foyer between the acts)—"Glad to see you here, old man."

FRIEND (lugubriously)—"You ought to be. I'm the one who paid to get in."—*Collier's.*

Muzzle the Dog Owner.—The first ordinance requires that all dogs must be kept upon the premises of the owner except dogs on leash, and provides that it shall be unlawful for any person owning a vicious or dangerous dog to run at large within the premises so as to endanger any person lawfully entering the premises.—*Los Angeles paper.*

An Afterthought.—PROFESSOR (after being fished out of the water)—"The worst of it is that I have just remembered that I can swim!"—*Notenkraker (Amsterdam).*

There's a Difference.—Lord Dewar said that most men did not wake up to find themselves famous; they usually dreamed they were famous, then woke up.—*London Morning Post.*

100 Per Cent. Dry.—SHE (watching friend disport on the beach)—"Maud allows nothing to dampen her spirits."

HE—"Or her bathing suit."—*Boston Transcript.*

No Credit.—"What do you charge for a ticket to Podunk?"

"We don't charge anything. You pay cash or walk."—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

The Worries of a Hostess.—CANNIBAL—"What are you thinking of?"

HIS WIFE—"Whom we'll have for dinner to-morrow."—*Allston Recorder.*

Latest Blue Law.—WILLIS—"Has your town a curfew law?"

GILLIS—"Yes. We don't allow children under eighteen on the streets after four A. M."—*Life.*

Odd English by Ear.—TEACHER—"Robert, give me a sentence using the word "pasture."

ROBERT—"I went past your house last night."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Those British Phones.—A woman was rendered unconscious when lightning struck a telephone wire as she was using the instrument. Another theory is that she got the right number the first time.—*The Humorist (London).*

Mnemonics.—Two women were passing a butcher's shop where a pig's head was on display, with a lemon in its mouth.

"There, Liz," exclaimed one of the women, "that reminds me that I promised to get a new pipe for Joe."—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Mother Goose on Balloon Tires.—
Jack and Jill went up the hill
At 60 miles or better;
A cop unkind
Was right behind—
They're seeking bail by letter.
—*Bridgeport Post.*

Safety in Silence.—MANNISHLY-DREST LADY—"Did you catch any fish, little boy?"

COUNTRY BOY—"No."

M. D. L.—"No what?"

BOY (gazing dubiously at her rig)—"Durned if I know."—*Boston Transcript.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED